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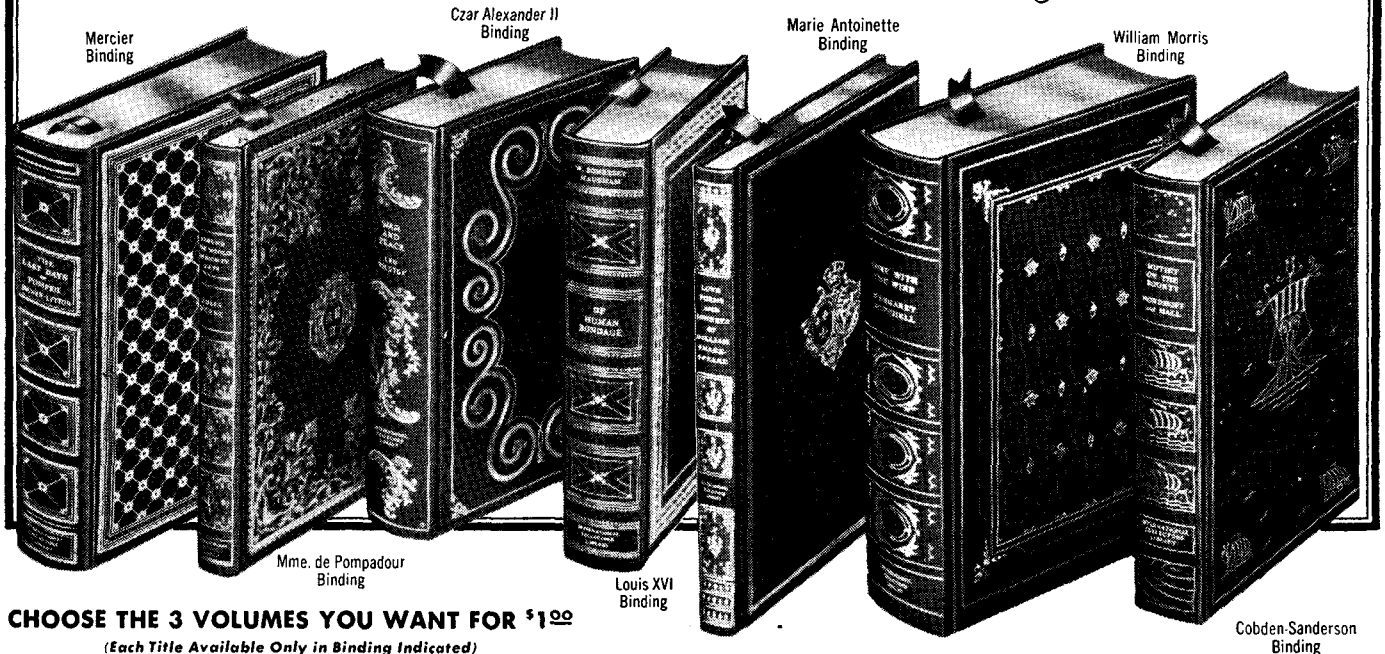

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Political Inflation

Whether the steel strike has been settled according to pattern remains to be seen. In the past, wage increases and price rises have gone hand in hand, making an inflationary spiral that accounted for approximately forty per cent of the total rise in wholesale prices. This time the union has been given its wage increase first, and the question arises whether a price rise in steel can be far off. We may not know the full answer until the end of the year when the steel companies have felt the full effect of the increased costs. If prices go up, as they are expected to by most observers, then the pattern will still be with us—the government, in the persons of Vice-President Nixon and Secretary of Labor Mitchell, has given the steel union and the steel companies a way out for getting what they have been accustomed to get.

It is understandable that everyone should sigh with relief at the settlement. A vital industry will not be paralyzed for thirty months, the steelworkers will not face the ordeal of a renewed strike, and Congress can debate the lessons of the strike without panic or hysteria. In any evaluation of the settlement, these positive gains come first; we have lived with the steel pattern for more than a decade and we can live with it for another thirty months. Yet the latest strike has left a residue of bitterness and confusion for which the nation may eventually pay an even higher price than that for each future ton of raw steel.

The bitterness comes from the steel managers, who have suffered a serious loss of face, politically and psychologically. They ineptly inflated the relatively minor grievance of work rules and thereby handed the union a cause on which it could not compromise and behind which it could fight to the bitter end. They incongruously committed themselves to an oversimplified version of inflationary wage agreements unrelated to their own peak profits and disproportionate increase of prices. On both fronts, they have not merely been routed; they have been made to look foolish. And their pride has been all the more wounded, their dignity all the more ruffled, because the task force that outflanked them came from a direction they least of all expected—the high command of a Republican "businessman's administration."

THE CHIEF SOURCE of confusion is political rather than economic. It is doubtful whether the steel companies would have gone so far out on a limb in their anti-inflationary propaganda if they had not been encouraged to do so by President Eisenhower himself. Yet the heir apparent of the Eisenhower administration, Vice-President Nixon, sawed off the limb on which the steel companies were precariously balanced. To make matters worse, the whole story of how he had outmaneuvered them was ready for the same morning papers that carried the announcement of the settlement. The timing was so perfect that every public-relations expert in the country must have gasped with admiration at this remarkable feat.

Irrespective of the merits of the case for the steel union or the companies, the most disturbing aspect of the settlement is that a great public issue has been reduced to the level of a vote-getting gimmick. The administration that provided the steel strategists with the anti-inflationary *raison d'être* of the strike has now provided them with a built-in alibi for what may become another wage-and-price spiral. Thus the latest of Richard Nixon's success stories turns out to be true to the pattern that earned him the nickname "Tricky Dicky." Yet who would have suspected that it might one day come to be the turn of steel magnates to mutter it between clenched teeth?

Not so long ago, *Izvestia* advised its readers: "At cocktail parties and in the 'smoking rooms,' the Rockefellers, Morgans, and du Ponts, the magnates of Eastern so-called enlightened capital holding sway in the United States, are deciding which members of which party to nominate for the Presidency." Will anyone ever be able to explain to the readers of *Izvestia* why the favorite son of the conservative Republicans wanted to be elected President so much that he decided to take the risk of offending the sensibilities of the greatest of the steel magnates in order to win the gratitude of half a million steelworkers—and/or their wives?

(*The Reporter's Notes are continued on pages 4 and 6*)

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—SEC

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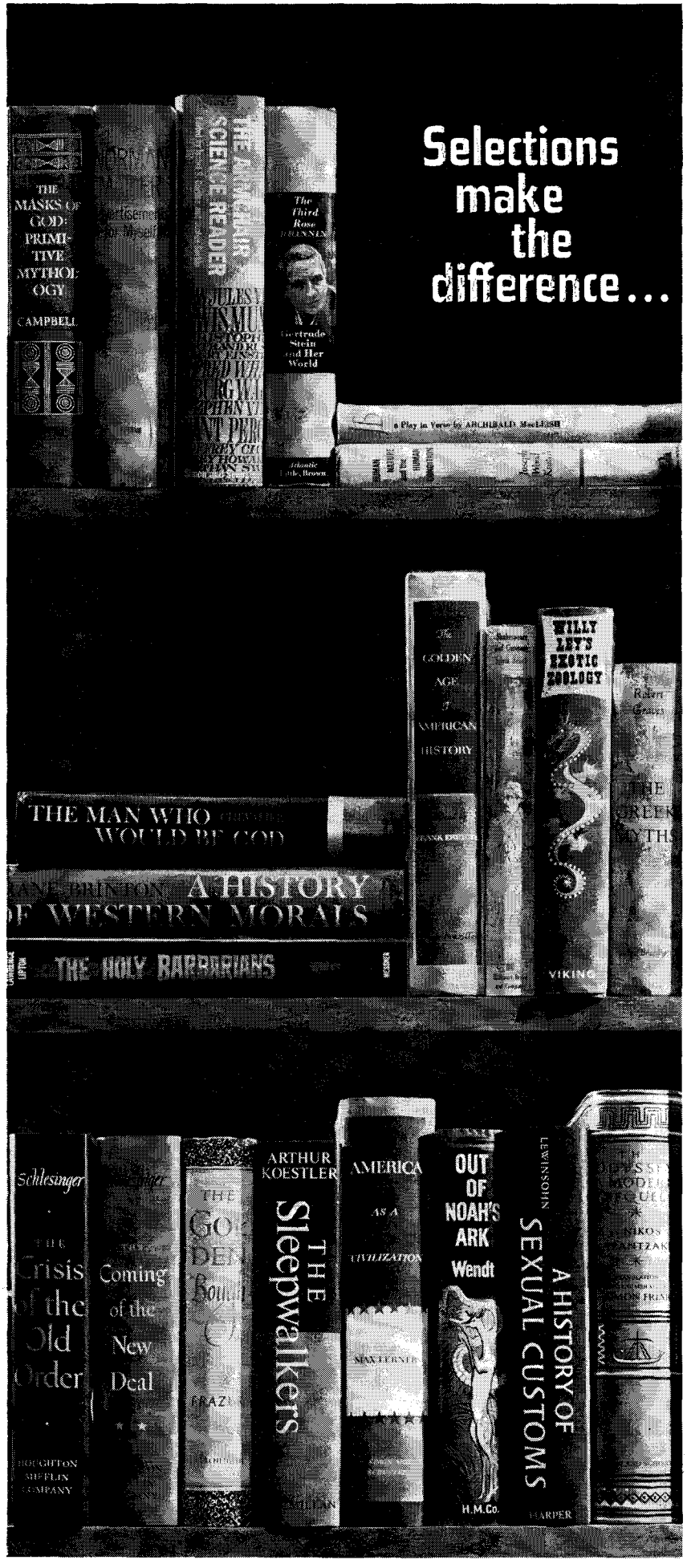

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KENNEDY AND THE 'CATHOLIC ISSUE'

EDWARD P. MORGAN

The Presidential ambitions of John Fitzgerald Kennedy provide, in effect, a test of the sophistication of the American electorate. The first issue that leaps to mind in association with the forty-two-year-old senator from Massachusetts is the issue of church and state. In some respects this is unfortunate because of the dangers it raises of a deflection from larger international problems to a bitterly emotional argument over religion. But it is high time, I think, to stop pussyfooting in public on the subject of religion. We should be mature enough now to discuss the matter, when it is germane, with less passion and more objectivity than the country displayed in 1928, on the last occasion a Roman Catholic—also a Democrat—made a serious bid for the White House.

The evidence is not by any means incontrovertible that it was his Catholicism which defeated Al Smith, but that is the reason which seems to have lodged most stubbornly in the public memory. There are some indications, however, that the voters have devalued this issue more than the professional politicians, who still display a tortured ambivalence over it. The number of Catholic officeholders from municipal to Congressional level has increased dramatically and geographically over the last thirty years, but the pros can't quite bring themselves to risk the test on the highest level, the Presidency. This reluctance has led to a certain cynical approach by both parties which Senator Kennedy resents and, it would seem to me, with justification. What some Democrats are saying to him, in effect, is "We can't afford to have you in the top spot because it might alienate a decisive number of Protestant voters but we can't afford not to have you in the second spot because we must attract a decisive number of Catholic voters."

By his almost-but-not-quite Sherman-type statement saying he won't run for the Vice-Presidency, Kennedy is trying to tell his party it can't have it both ways. He is handicapped somewhat in this bold ploy because in 1956 he was arguing that a Catholic Vice-Presidential candidate —especially one named Kennedy— would strengthen the ticket. As for the Republicans, it is speculated that the Nixon strategy is to pick a Catholic running mate—say Labor Secretary Mitchell—if Kennedy fails to carry the Democratic convention and make it a non-Catholic G.O.P. slate if Kennedy wins the nomination in Los Angeles.

In the face of all these potential machinations it must be said that Kennedy has handled himself so far with dignity and this persistent religious issue with courage and realism. He has not equivocated. Ten months ago he characterized as unconstitutional the use of public funds for parochial schools. He believes in the Constitution, in the separation of church and state and in the First Amendment, guaranteeing freedom of speech and religion. He would like his personal issue of religion to be resolved with that, but unfortunately the subject won't stay so neatly pinned down.

One of the reasons for this is, unsurprisingly, that church groups and church spokesmen, including Catholics, find it necessary to speak out on a number of matters. Some observers are convinced that Kennedy is far more apt to be handicapped by such statements than by any of his own declarations. An ironic case in point was the American Catholic bishops' statement opposing foreign aid for the purposes of birth control. It was particularly ironic because the issue is academic. Congress was not about to pass such authorization anyway. Furthermore, as we saw on the Eisenhower journey to Pakistan and India, until birth-control devices can be made as cheap and simple as swallowing a pill they aren't going to have much effect on bursting populations, and when they are so simplified nothing the United States says or does is likely to prevent their application. And yet Kennedy was forced to discuss that unreal but explosively ramified issue not because of pressure from political opponents but because of the timing of the bishops' statement.

It is plain that the senator's candidacy will be a test of the political sophistication of the country and the groups and individuals in it. And a vital part of the test will be to see whether we can rise far enough above the perpetual commotion of the church-state controversy to examine and weigh with the care and detachment they deserve the qualifications of John Fitzgerald Kennedy for national leadership.

(From a broadcast over ABC Radio)

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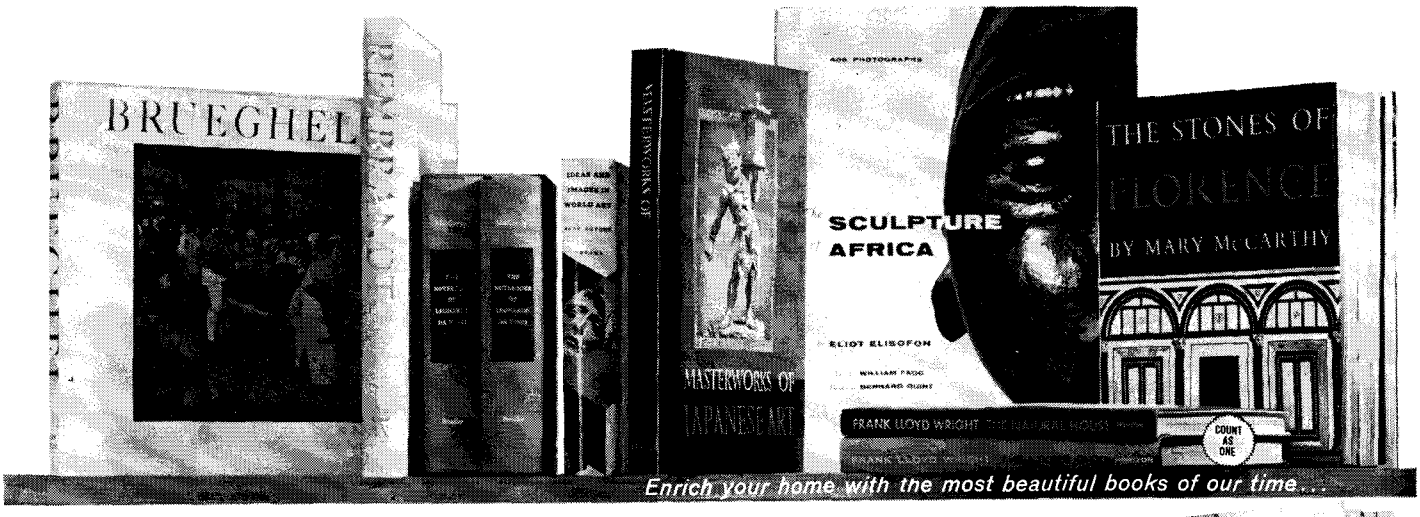

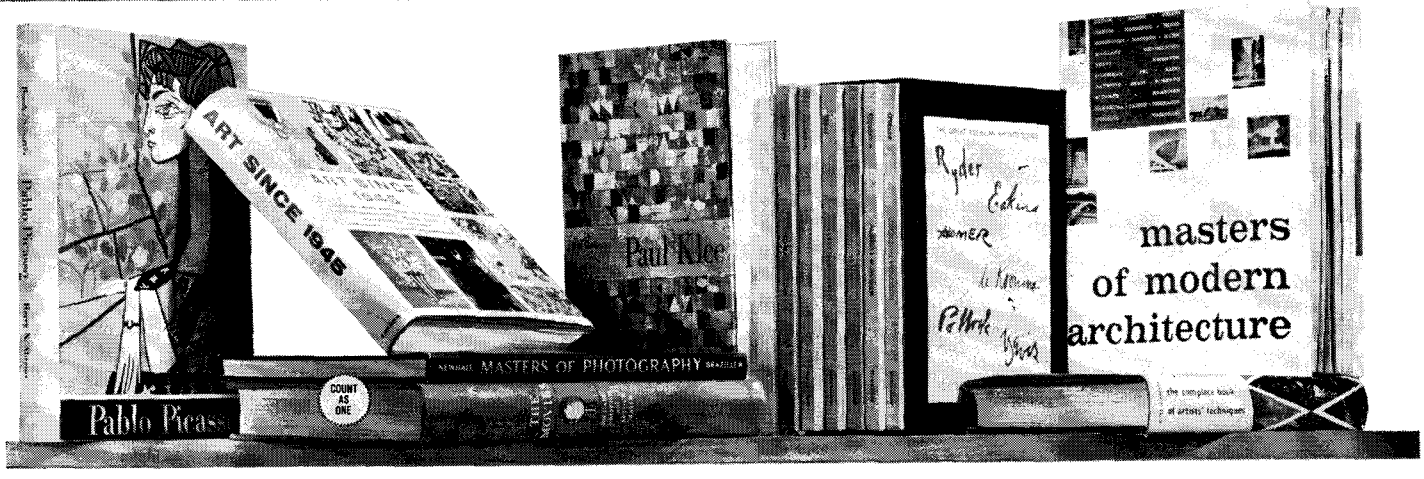

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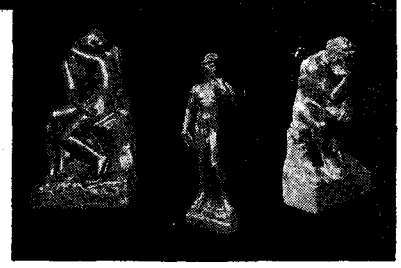

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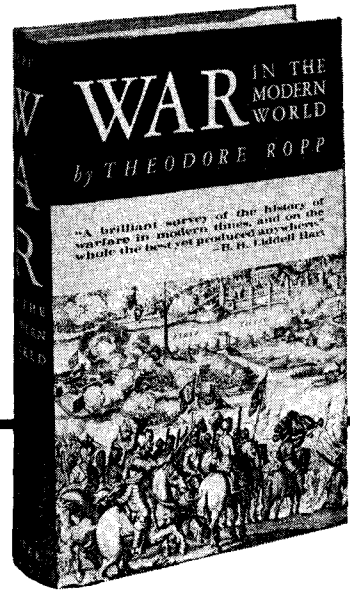

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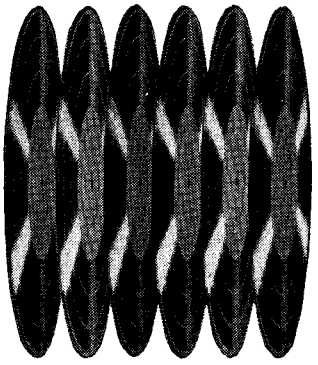

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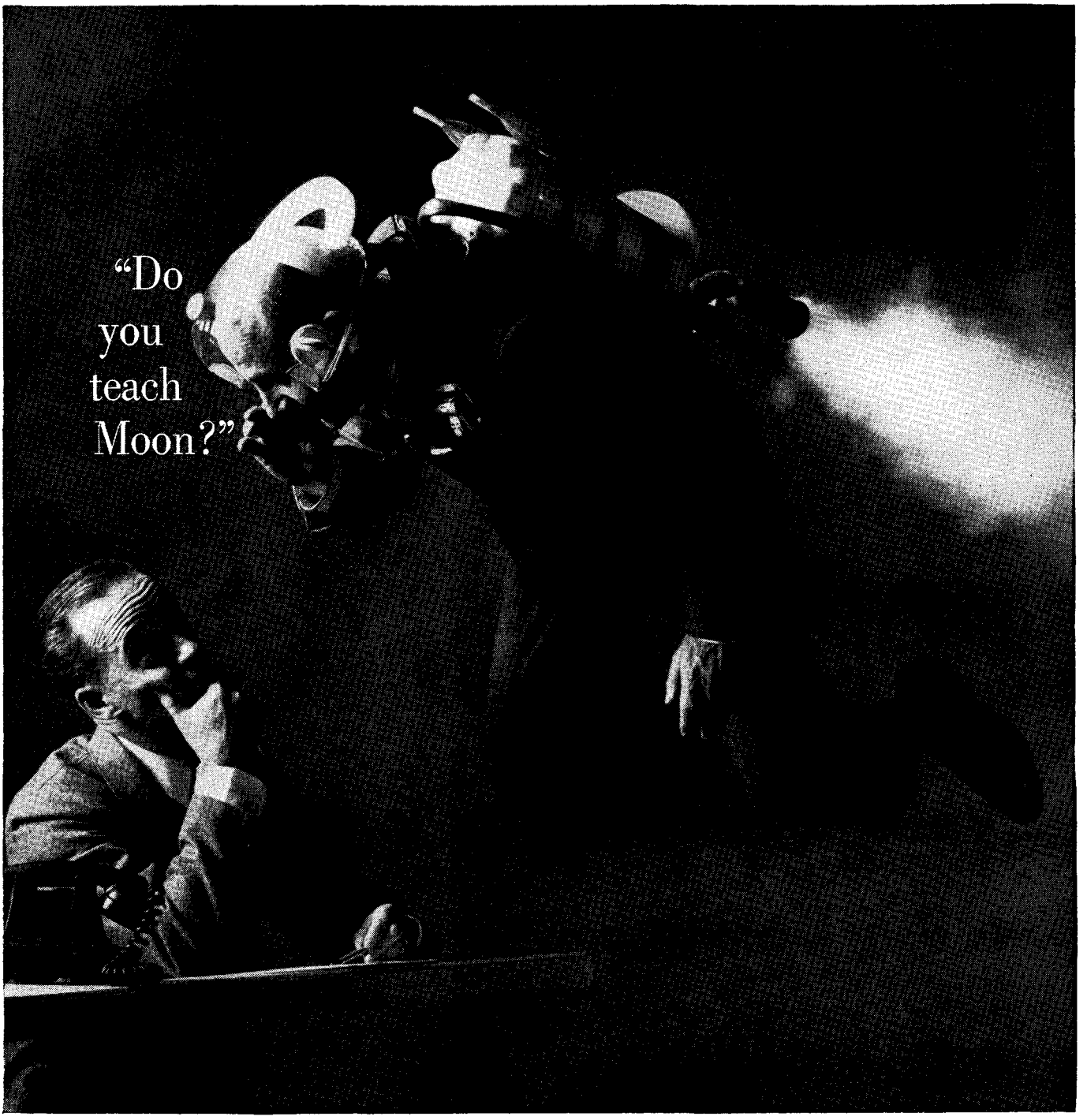

The answer, of course, was "no." And we were saddened to see him pull in his antennae; check his wind direction; begin his count down and launch himself through the doorway, totally unfulfilled in his search for an affirmative answer to the question he has since been asking all over town.

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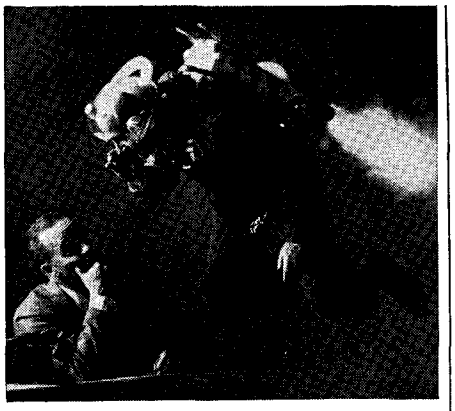

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THE WEST SEVENTIES

To the Editor: The superb story of the West Seventies in New York City by Marya Mannes ("The New York I Know: I. The West Seventies," *The Reporter*, December 24, 1959) is in the order of the highest art. Her reportorial skills are manifold and she evokes a clear and accurate picture. I too lived in the West Seventies years ago, and so the picture Miss Mannes draws is perhaps more vivid for me, but all those who read and who have never seen the area get a crystal clear picture.

HAROLD HARVEY DAWSON
San Francisco

To the Editor: Marya Mannes's vivid if lurid description of life on the upper West Side seems to resemble one of those ceaseless single exposures of contemporary moral deterioration which are tirelessly doped out by an ever-vigilant tabloid press as part of its service to the public at large.

In no way did it strike me as being either a fair or a sincere representation of an area which is currently involved in a quite meaningful social flux, but on the contrary bore every distinctive similarity to one of those many glamorized but meaningless vignettes of enchanted city life (love and hate, violent passions running rampant, "decent" old residents vs. evil interlopers, and other such) brought out in such prolific profusion by our ephemerally favored present-day fictionalists of the "sociology, soap, and sell" school now riding the crest of a wave of dubious literary output. Hats off to Miss Mannes for her faithful interpretation of Marjorie Morningstar's old neighborhood in true Marjorie Morningstar fashion, i.e., sweetness and darkness (if little lucid lighting of affected areas). . . . Let us hope her brief inundation with beauty-parlor folklore does not appreciably dull Miss Mannes's otherwise considerable perceptive abilities.

ARNOLD M. SLATER
New York

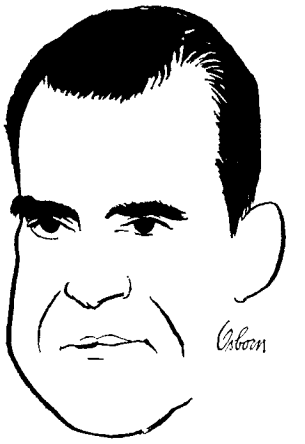
To the Editor: I do not know the area of which Marya Mannes writes, but I am enthralled by the sheer beauty of her prose style.

THE REV. RICHARD J. HERSCHEL
Newtown Square, Pennsylvania

To the Editor: Miss Mannes's article required finesse, delicacy, and subtlety, apart from a sound journalistic treatment. Just a beautiful job. The pitiful keynote: wanton deterioration of our beloved New York. Unless drastically checked, the present pattern will eventually create a vast slum.

ALEXANDER SILVERMAN
New York

To the Editor: Your political and critical articles are always provocative and



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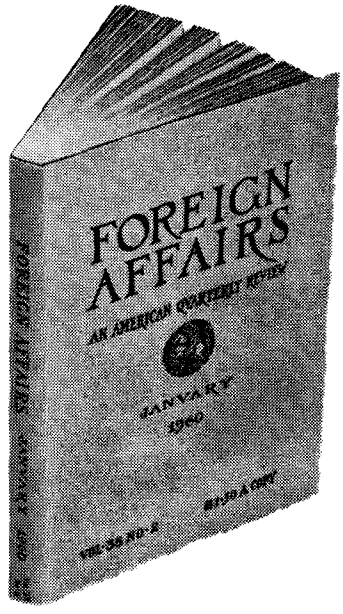

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informative—bless your handsome existence in a country with a dearth of provocative and informative journals—but what an added pleasure to read an off-beat take-out like Miss Mannes's on New York's West Side. It took me right back to childhood visits with my aunt and uncle on Columbus Circle and then on Sixty-eighth Street just west of the Park (where I came, eyes wide, as a country niece from the Deep South). It reminded me of much, told me many things I never knew or had forgotten, and was evocative, delightful—and, without strain, analytical. Where else would so clean and sincere a job of both introspective and detached reporting be printed (with no forced irony) about our great city? Thank you!

LAEL TUCKER WERTENBAKER
New York

To the Editor: For ten months I lived on the near-North Side of Chicago. Much of what Marya Mannes describes of New York's West Seventies is also true west of Lake Michigan to La Salle Street, north of Chicago Avenue. Sometimes I thought to myself: how could all this be described without pompous analogy to a declining Roman Empire? Could anybody write about it without becoming morbid? Why couldn't those repatriated Success Boys, Jacques Barzun and Alastair Cooke, do a reporting job here without coming to their standard conclusion that while it is all very depressing, it is American and lusty, and should be taken in one's stride? Whether for New York or Chicago, the questions are answered by Miss Mannes's article.

ALAN MATHER
Detroit

KENNEDY, PRO

To the Editor: If Douglass Cater thinks that the portrait he paints ("The Cool Eye of John F. Kennedy," *The Reporter*, December 10, 1959) is that of a "purely selfish" and "thoroughly unemotional young man," I believe he is wrong.

That everyone is "purely selfish"—only some are purer than others—may be true. However, Mr. Cater doesn't say this; if he means it, then it is a comment on all men, not just John Kennedy. If he means that the senator is more selfish than others, he certainly can't expect us to agree that just because a man feels he can spend his talents best in politics, he is more selfish than the businessman or the teacher who has made a similar decision for his own profession.

As for Kennedy's being "thoroughly unemotional," Cater doesn't present a convincing argument on this either. I can't believe that Kennedy had no feelings whatsoever during the 1956 convention—baths and unanimity pleas notwithstanding. Emotions and emotional sensationalism are not synonymous (the heart-clasping senator who speaks so flippantly of his dear old mother is the man whose true emotions

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I might question). Emotions and self-discipline are not mutually exclusive. Perhaps Senator Kennedy is just a bigger man than most, big enough not only to have emotions but also to keep them from interfering too much.

Perspective is essential for policy-makers. Proper perspective requires both detachment and emotions. Cater shows that Kennedy has the one but proves nothing about the latter.

CHAD QUAINTANCE
Princeton, New Jersey

FINLAND'S DILEMMA

To the Editor: Gordon Shepherd in his article "Finland's Mortgaged Democracy" (*The Reporter*, November 26, 1959) gives readers the impression that Finland's independence is a meaningless document and that Finland's government and president are pawns in the hands of the Kremlin.

It appears that Mr. Shepherd has been influenced by the Conservative and Socialist Parties—and only by the most fanatical of their members. Why else would he go so far as to say, "Had President Kekkonen signed away Finland's freedom by giving the Kremlin a political mortgage he could never redeem?" If Mr. Shepherd had been able to contact a larger representation of the people of Finland rather than just some of the political leaders, he would have gotten a more accurate picture of Finland and the existing situation.

Finland's present problems don't stem from Finnish-Soviet relations; to a much greater degree they are the fruit of internal strife, particularly among the Socialists. Behind the Tanner-Fagerholm façade there is Väinö Leskinen, who is really the Socialist Party's strong man and is striving for nothing less than the president's chair, which during the present conditions is just about impossible for him to achieve. Leskinen's uncompromising stubbornness is largely the cause of the rift in the Socialist Party.

The reason the Communists were able to get such a strong representation in the Finnish Diet was the great unemployment during the winter months. The recent friendship between the Conservatives and Socialists also added to the increase in the strength of the Communists.

Mr. Shepherd mentioned the Communist votes President Kekkonen needed to get into office, without explaining that under the electoral-college system of voting for a president, this is not only a necessity to woo needed votes but also a common practice of all the parties and in no way is any indication of Kekkonen's "leaning left."

The present Sukselainen government has amply illustrated that Finland wants to and is well able to run its own affairs in the Diet, by voting on November 14, 143-49, in favor of the seven-nation Free Trade Area, the Communists casting the losing votes.

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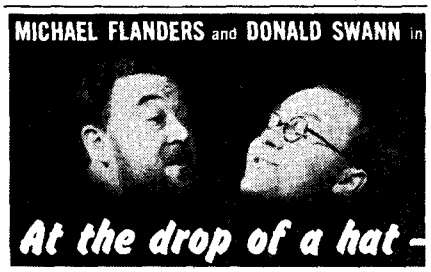

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE HIGH OFFICIAL reputed to be at present the "strong man" of the Eisenhower administration, Robert B. Anderson, has enabled the Treasury to score twice during his tenure of office, an unusual feat for a department which had been accustomed during the New and Fair Deals to play a lesser role. Secretary Anderson has become the custodian of the two balances: balance of the budget, balance of payments. Our Washington editor, **Douglass Cater,** has looked into Mr. Anderson's career in order to help us understand how he got to his present prominence on the national scene. Like some noteworthy Secretaries of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton, Mr. Anderson has swung his weight far beyond the confines of his department.

The second of **Marya Mannes's** tours of New York takes her to Central Park and its birds, beasts, and people. . . . **Isaac Deutscher,** whose most recent book was *The Prophet Unarmed,* the second volume of his distinguished study of Leon Trotsky, turns his attention to the repercussions of Khrushchev's policy on the Communist world. He sees a distinction between the Communists of the western democracies who with traditional meekness have adapted themselves to the Russian line, and those who rule their countries and have made much less effort to hide their misgivings. This applies particularly to the Chinese.

The final installment of **Robert L. Heilbroner's** two-part *Reporter* Essay pushes farther into the *terra incognita* of our national growth, not only as it will affect our own people but as it may bring us into a more critical relationship with the rest of the world. This essay is based on Mr. Heilbroner's new book, *The Future as History,* which Harper will publish on February 29.

ONE EDITOR of *The Reporter* recently determined to learn how to make the famous French fish soup, *bouillabaisse:* not any old *bouillabaisse* but the truly authentic and classic type. In due course, he took down from the shelf **Waverley Root's** monumental *The Food of France,* which is the kind of book one reads by browsing because it is so full of lore and learning that a large helping of pages would soon become indigestible. He was not disappointed; the book contained about two dozen pages on what had to go into a true *bouillabaisse.* But after feverishly scanning them for advice, our editorial cook gave up his grand project; it seems that the ingredients of a real *bouillabaisse* cannot be translated into English and one indispensable type of fish is becoming so scarce that it can hardly be found in the Mediterranean any more. This true story should persuade even the most skeptical that no one has better credentials than Waverley Root to write about Les Halles, the central market of Paris. . . . **Roland Gelatt,** who writes about the gratifying production in concert form of forgotten operas, is editor of *High Fidelity.*

Parents frequently despair at the spectacle presented by teen-agers doing their homework in front of the television set while they talk on the phone with their friends. But as **George Steiner** points out, the ability to pay no attention to three or four things at the same time is by no means limited to the younger generation. Many an adult who prides himself on his highbrow cultural status as he moves onward and upward from hi-fi to stereo is merely bathing in a warm bath of background noise. . . . **Derek Morgan** once played left fullback on the Second Soccer XI at Cardiff University College. . . . **George Bailey** is writing a book on Germany, to which he recently returned. . . . **John Kenneth Galbraith,** aside from writing memorable books like *The Affluent Society,* teaches economics at Harvard. . . . **Sidney Alexander** is the author of *Michelangelo the Florentine* and is living in Florence, Italy. . . . **Michael Harrington** is writing a book on the poverty that still exists in the United States.

Our cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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The Many and the One

With two candidates officially in the race, the pre-nomination round of the campaign is on—for the Democrats. It is not too early to say that there is an auspicious quality of earnestness and forthrightness in their campaign, for the two competitors talk to people in the sticks very much as they do when they deliver major speeches on the Senate floor.

1956 was a tired, repeat performance of 1952, with nothing like the spasmodic emotional tension which, four years earlier, had stirred large sections of the American people. Neither was there anything like the "time for a change"—"give 'em hell" clash of 1948, when so much hell was raised by the President in office that it brought crushing defeat to a challenger who had been acting all along on the assumption that times had changed, and that there was nothing the people could do but to ratify his Presidency.

This year, the issues are too compelling, too momentous, to be dealt with by any "give-'em-hell" technique. The avowed and the unavowed Democratic contestants know that for seven years our nation has been losing ground. These men are restrained when they tell the American people how the gap between ourselves and the Russians in weapons, in education, in the growth of national production makes it increasingly difficult to hold onto whatever measure of peace and prosperity we have. But the American people have to be alerted. This sense of national peril is not a prerogative of the Democrats. It is shared by many, many non-Democrats—Nelson Rockefeller, for instance.

One prerogative, however, the Democrats do have: the contest for the nomination is fierce, while in the Republican ranks all is quiet. On many an occasion, the President has stated that in the G.O.P. there are eight or ten men worthy to succeed him. "Able, capable men," he called them once, "of vigorous years and any could be selected with honor to himself and to the party." But he would in no way "interfere with the Republican convention," he said another time.

Obviously, somebody must have interfered, and long before convention time, for there is only one candidate for the nomination. Until a short while ago, one could rejoice at the prospect of a Presidential election blissfully free of father images and personality cult. Now the portent is already clear: the father image blends itself with that of the only son and lends its radiance to it. The Twenty-second Amendment was supposed to prohibit a third term. Now there are signs that this latest amendment may meet the fate of the Eighteenth, and we may have something like a bootleg third term.

The silence thus imposed over any criticism from within does not augur well for the G.O.P. or for the nation. During the last seven years, there has never been any serious debate within the party. A number of men who have been called to high office have resigned or have been resigned, but, with the single exception of Trevor Gardner, not one of the disaffected members of the Team has seen fit to make public even a few of the reasons that had led to his departure. The only serious rift in G.O.P. ranks happened during the McCarthy rampage. But McCarthy's attacks were neither honorably conducted nor honorably resisted. Deviousness prevailed on both sides until the rampage came to an inglorious and casual end.

Our political system is jeopardized when either of our two parties refuses to undergo a process of internal criticism and renewal. This is why the role that Nelson Rockefeller had started to play was so vital, and why he came to command so much attention and respect all over the nation. Earnestly, vigorously, he had started taking a hard new look at the basic issues the nation is facing. He had trained himself for this task while presiding over the discussions that led to the Rockefeller brothers' reports—probably the most courageous and detailed surveys that, in the service of the nation, have recently been issued on our great and present danger.

It is still rather unclear why Governor Rockefeller decided to give up his campaign after he had gone so far. This confusion has been further compounded by some news stories purporting to prove that Rockefeller had already decided to abandon the fight even while he was still going around the country—as if in search of further evidence that he really had no chance. There is not much room left for Hamlets in American politics, ever mumbling to-run-or-not-to-run monologues.

Respectfully, one can only hope that this strange Rockefeller imbroglio will be cleared up, and that Nelson Rockefeller will give the American people and himself the chance to have his capacity for national leadership put to the test. At a time like this the nation can scarcely afford to have only one of its political parties engaged in vigorously debating the issues and in selecting the best among its potential candidates. No one yet knows all the harm we may have inflicted upon ourselves by retiring a national hero to the White House. But one thing is certain: Richard Nixon is no hero.

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The 'Little America' Of Robert B. Anderson

DOUGLASS CATER

IN THE SPRING of 1958, when the recession was approaching its low point and public dismay over the Soviet missile triumphs was at a peak, Secretary of the Treasury Robert Bernerd Anderson delivered to the National Cathedral Association an ode in blank verse that ran to twenty-six stanzas. It was not bad poetry, especially for a Secretary of the Treasury. One could detect a preoccupation with a balance sheet other than budgetary in these lines:

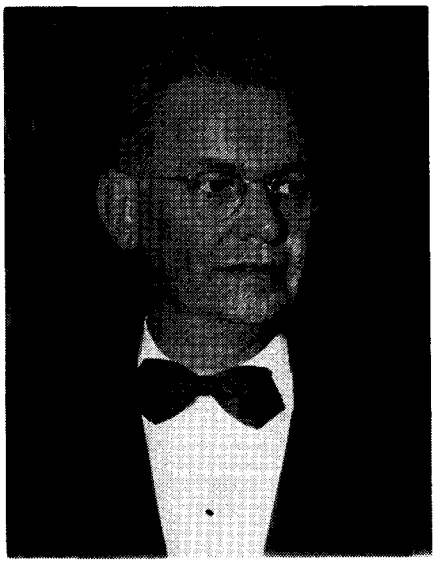
A Nation needs to pray:
That in humility we see that greatness
Is not measured by industrial grandeur,
Or destiny achieved by things we touch,
By things produced, nor things consumed,
Nor things we set afloat upon the sea,
Nor send into the air,
Nor delving down, gouged out of earth;
Nor is it known by tower set on tower
Groping for a finite place in infinity . . .

A tall, ungainly man with a friendly manner and a quiet drawl, Anderson is a devout Methodist who was reared in the fundamentalist atmosphere of rural Texas. Alone among the high officials in this reporter's experience, he keeps a picture of Christ on his office table.

Such spirituality has not hampered his advancement in a more worldly realm. From rather humble origins, Anderson, at forty-nine, has traveled quite a distance as a successful lawyer, businessman, Secretary of the Navy, Deputy Secretary of Defense, head of a Canadian mining empire, and, finally, successor in the Treasury post to George Magoffin Humphrey. He has been called a more powerful Secretary of the Treasury than Humphrey, who, during his four and a half years in Washington, was often hailed as the most powerful member of the Eisenhower administration.

What Humphrey Began

The comparison with Humphrey is instructive. The Cleveland businessman, a political heir of Mark Hanna, whose company he headed before coming to Washington, believed



firmly that the practices and even the manners of corporate enterprise could be transferred wholesale to government. A man of few ideas, he pronounced them emphatically. He blazed a blustery trail in the capital and, because Eisenhower admired him unequivocally, he got away with it for a time. He even survived the uproar that followed his unprecedented attack on the President's own budget when he promised a depression "that will curl your hair" unless expenditures were reduced. He became anchor man in the celebrated "4H Club"—Humphrey, Herbert Hoover, Jr., Rowland R. Hughes, and John B. Hollister—a foursome that made economy the ruling order of the day, no matter how much it might cost in terms of the welfare and defense of the nation.

But at Humphrey's final appearance before the Senate Finance Committee in the summer of 1957, many felt that he got his comeuppance. He found that senators, unlike boards of directors, can be bullies, especially one like Robert Kerr (D., Oklahoma), who was even tougher, more cocksure, and richer than Humphrey. The prolonged grilling proved that Humphrey was poorly versed in the intricacies of Treasury business and unable to sustain his economic theses. Still stoutly protesting the overriding threat of inflation, he left Washington one month before the economy started sliding into the recession winter of 1957-1958.

The fact that Anderson has suffered no such humiliation would seem to indicate, among other things, that form is as important as substance for success in Washington. The new Secretary has been properly deferential to the legislators. Though a renegade from the Democratic Party of Texas, he took the necessary precautions to ensure good working relations with his two fellow Texans, Lyndon Johnson and Sam Rayburn, who rule the Congress. Rayburn, not ordinarily given to sweet talk, has declared he would be proud to have Anderson as a brother.

Since the beginning Secretary Anderson has been cautious as well as amiable. As a witness, he appears forthright, lucid, and tedious. "You are a man who chooses his words carefully, Mr. Secretary," remarked the elderly Representative Wright

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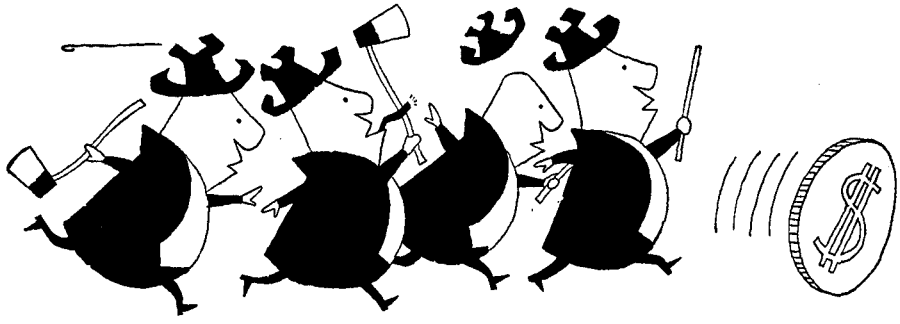
Patman (D., Texas), whose antipathy toward Treasury Secretaries is well known. A tireless worker, behind his thick rimless glasses Anderson conveys the demeanor of the student rather than of the crusader, and he has shown himself well briefed in economic lore and well able to deal in sophisticated argument. Anderson has patiently but persistently declined to take a "position of absolutism" on big budgets, deficit spending, and most of the other



questions that for Humphrey were matters of dogma. With the skill of a good lawyer, he seldom neglects to provide an escape hatch for his public position. He has been, in other words, a hard man for the critic to hang a hook on.

YET ALTHOUGH Anderson has not preached absolutist doctrines so loudly as Humphrey, he has certainly stuck to them with every bit as much devotion. In a time of challenge greater than Humphrey had to face, Anderson has worked just as hard to preserve a mood of business as usual. The Soviet triumphs commencing shortly after he took office have aroused widespread concern that not only our military but our total national effort is presently inadequate to meet the challenge. But Anderson has shown no willingness to move from a budget frozen to the 1954 level of taxation after Humphrey reduced taxes. He has shown scant concern about a tax structure that is obsolete and so full of loopholes as to lose most of its value as an instrument of economic policy. Yet his concern about the outgo side of the ledger is overriding. He has not hesitated, come hell or high Sputniks, to push through economy-dictated ceilings on both obligations and expenditures, forcing drastic cutbacks in missile and other high-priority programs. Against a public sense of urgency, he has helped fix a budget surplus of $4.2 billion for next year.

It is clear that under Anderson's brand of quiet conservatism no less than Humphrey's noisy brand, fiscal rectitude sets the pace at which the United States must run to keep up as a first-class power.

'Leave It Alone'

Anderson's behavior in dealing with the recession of 1957-1958, which began soon after he became Secretary, provides a good example of his unrambunctious conservatism. By early September, 1957, the indicators kept by Raymond Saulnier, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, showed that the economy was in for serious trouble. Saulnier reported that a recession seemed imminent at the initial meeting of a special committee composed of himself, Anderson, Federal Reserve Chairman William McChesney Martin, and White House Economic Assistant Gabriel Hauge. The committee had been convened to advise Eisenhower on problems of inflation, and despite Saulnier's warning reached the conclusion that inflation was still the thing to fight. The Federal Reserve tightened the money supply another notch. Over at the Pentagon, Secretary Wilson was directing a drastic stretchout of contracts that added to the pinch felt by industry.

As matters grew worse that fall, Saulnier, convinced that the Sputnik challenge had offered a way out of the economic crisis, was fighting hard to send Congress a budget showing a small deficit. It would be proof of the administration's intent to fight the recession with countercyclical policy. But Anderson, according to one insider, doubted both the need and the policy. The budget that went to Congress showed a surplus for fiscal 1959 amounting to half a billion dollars.

By the spring of 1958, political pressure for a tax cut to stimulate revival began to mount within and without the administration. When Vice-President Nixon and Secretary of Labor Mitchell gave signs of being in favor, Anderson hurried up to the Capitol and quietly negotiated the so-called Texas entente, which is unique in the annals of an opposition Congress. The understanding he reached with Rayburn and Johnson was stated in general terms: neither side would "surprise" the other in proposing a tax cut. It was simply a gentlemen's understanding that there would be no attempt to gain partisan advantage on this issue. It worked: there was no tax reduction.

All through the recession Anderson exhibited considerable fortitude. His office, as he remarks wryly, has been a lonely place with nine out of ten of his business friends disagreeing with him. He remains convinced that he held to the only proper course. "If we had taken massive government action and then business had improved," he has remarked, "we might have convinced the people that this was the only way out of a recession. But by leaving it essentially alone, we established a basis for belief in the resiliency of the economy."

OTHERS QUESTION what he means by "leaving it essentially alone." Actually, of course, the government had been dragged into the picture in quite a big way. Between the third quarter of 1957 and the first quarter of 1958, there was a shift from a budget surplus running at an annual rate of $3 billion to a deficit at an annual rate of $8 billion. This was partly caused by a sharp decline in tax revenues, due particularly to declining corporate profits. An even more substantial cause was the increased spending for unemployment benefits, emergency Federal aid for housing, and accelerated procurement in defense (with the new Defense Secretary, Neil H. McElroy, turning on the faucet that Wilson had closed down to a trickle). Even after the economy began to move upward, Federal deficit financing went lunging on to perform a massive pump-priming operation for fiscal 1959, running up a $12.5-billion deficit instead of the predicted surplus.

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Anderson's critics are properly sympathetic over the plight of the budget balancer who ended up with the biggest debt of any year in U.S. history except during the Second World War. But a number of economists, not all of them outside the administration, argue that the recession was brought on by excessive fiscal and monetary restraints imposed by the government on the economy's "resiliency." It was prolonged, many feel, by the administration's reluctance to admit that inflation is not the only enemy.

In the end, the government went more than $15 billion in hock for fiscal 1958 and 1959. Anderson's conservatism, say his critics, not only lost revenue for the government but stunted the growth of the economy.

Held by Loose Ties

Anderson has not always held so firmly to the conservative faith. As an impoverished young lawyer in Austin, freshly graduated from the University of Texas and already elected to the state legislature, he was assistant to Attorney General James V. Allred, who is still remembered as one of the great liberals of Texas history. When Allred was elected governor in 1934, Anderson became state tax commissioner, a member of the Texas Racing Commission, and Allred's close adviser.

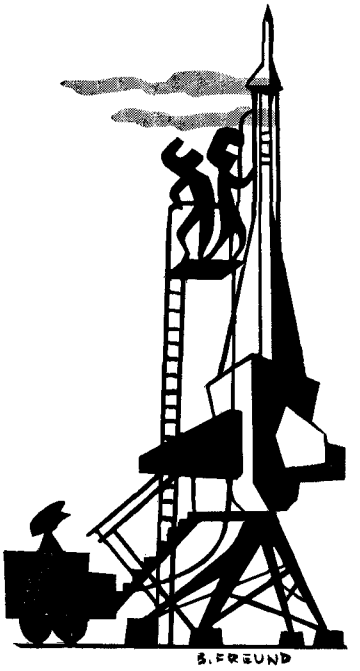
Anderson's fellow racing commissioner was Guy Waggoner, owner of the biggest race track in the state and the second biggest ranch, a half-million-acre barony of oil and cattle. Waggoner offered Anderson a ten-year, $15,000-a-year contract to act as the estate's general counsel, and the twenty-seven-year-old Anderson accepted. Four years later he took over as general manager at a salary of $60,000 plus bonuses.

Anderson, by all accounts, was a shrewd custodian and a benevolent overseer. He engaged widely in philanthropic causes, and as president of the Texas Mid-Continent Oil and Gas Association, he became one of that industry's most persuasive witnesses before Congressional committees considering the oil depletion allowance.

THE 1952 ELECTION meant for Anderson an uprooting from this comfortable if rather circumscribed career. He gladly accepted the President's invitation to become Secretary of the Navy. More willingly than some of the other new appointees, he divested himself of all business ties. He soon divested himself of his previous party affiliation by switching formally to the Republicans. When Anderson left Washington two and a half years later, it turned out that he had even divested himself of his ties to Texas. He and his family set up their new residence in Greenwich, Connecticut.

At the Pentagon he had performed his tasks more effectively than most in that strife-ridden establishment. Totally unversed in naval matters, he applied himself rigorously and among other things is credited with quietly rooting out some racial discrimination in docks and shipyards. (He ordered segregation signs painted over in a general refurbishment program.)

He stood out with special brilliance compared to his two fellow service secretaries, Harold Talbott of



the Air Force, who became involved in what appeared to be a conflict of interests with old business acquaintances, and Robert Stevens of the Army, who became involved with Senator McCarthy. A favorite of the President, Anderson was soon moved to the No. 2 Defense job after the unlamented Roger Kyes departed. He got along well with Wilson and was rumored to be his chosen successor. *Business Week,* usually reliable in such things, had just published a glowing profile predicting a bright future for Anderson when he suddenly resigned. Soon after his departure, it was announced that he would become president of Ventures Ltd., a Canadian enterprise consisting of a vast number of undeveloped mining properties throughout the world.

According to Wilfred McNeil, the veteran Pentagon comptroller, who was invited to go along on the deal, Anderson believed that Ventures Ltd., with new capital and good management, represented an unlimited opportunity to build a vast business empire embracing a score or more of lucrative subsidiaries. It didn't work out quite as expected. Anderson succeeded in bringing in outside capital, but the world metal market promptly went into a severe slump from which it is still recovering. Friends say Anderson was not at all unhappy to pull up stakes in the summer of 1957 when Eisenhower called him back to an even bigger job than the Defense post he might have had.

The Power of Prudence

The position of the Secretary of the Treasury in the American system has been in dispute since the beginning. In 1792, Alexander Hamilton, first occupant of the office, declared flatly that "Most of the important measures of every government are connected with the Treasury," while Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson reported of President Washington's views, "He considered the Treasury Department as a much more limited one [than State] going only to the single object of revenue . . ." During Washington's first term, Hamilton used the office to conduct ceaseless forays into areas by no means concerned with "the single object of revenue."

By and large, it can be said that the Secretary of the Treasury's power is in inverse relationship to the strength of the President. Few strong Presidents have had strong Secretaries of the Treasury. During the Eisenhower administration, the Treasury job has taken on added dimension because of the President's feeling toward the men he put in

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it. His affection for Humphrey was always of a different sort from his respect for Dulles. The former Secretary of the Treasury's power was consolidated during the quail hunts in Georgia as well as around the Cabinet table in Washington. An-

derson, though by no means as close a friend as Humphrey, still enjoys more intimacy with the President than Secretary of State Herter does.

ANDERSON has extended his influence well beyond Humphrey's. Early last September he leaked a story to a New York *Times* correspondent that the U.S. balance-of-payments deficit, with a resulting outflow of gold, was having a major impact on administration thinking about foreign aid. "Powerful voices, centering in financial agencies," reported the *Times*, using the traditional guile of cloaked news, "have begun to argue that the flow of Government capital abroad in the form of aid is too large for the continued strength of the dollar." The story appeared, significantly, just before the Senate Appropriations Committee reviewed the severe slash the House had made in the administration's requests for foreign aid. Its publication didn't help. Congress cut appropriations nearly twenty per cent below what the President had asked for.

So far, the balance-of-payments scare Anderson precipitated has had only one official consequence: the "tied"-loan proviso on Development Loan Fund assistance which requires all project supplies and services to be bought from the United States. But it has reinvigorated Treasury attempts to have a hand in foreign policies ranging from U.S. troop deployment in Europe to programs for development assistance in Africa. It shows promise of providing a sharper cutting edge than the conventional budget in slashing at anything that causes an outflow of dollars.

Anderson and his aides deny vehemently that he is beating the drums for any retreat from internationalism. They point out that as Treasury Secretary he has moved to enlarge both the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. He took a lead in setting up the Inter-American Bank and, after initial hesitancy, adopted Senator Mike Monroney's idea for the International Development Association, now being formed under World Bank auspices. By the international lending-agency approach to the development problem, Anderson hopes that the United States can share the burden with other lenders as well as the blame for imposing "fiscal discipline" on the borrowers. But, skeptics point out, he has also indicated that the United States might cut back its own programs, such as the Development Loan Fund, at a time when development needs in countries like India are becoming especially urgent. During the last session of Congress he persuaded the President to knock down a plan for long-term Treasury financing of the Development Loan Fund which Mr. Eisenhower had favored earlier.

Little-Nation Thinking

Last fall's decision to impose a "Buy American" proviso on the Development Loan Fund, Anderson argues, was not intended as a step toward restrictionism. It simply served notice that the United States as the "free world's banker" was determined to keep its currency solvent. It was a small signal flag run up the mast to warn, as Anderson had warned a Bank and Fund meeting a short time earlier, that "There must be a reorientation of the policies of the earlier postwar period." The resulting criticism, it is pointed out at the Treasury, has arisen among economists at home and not within the European financial community, which is generally favorable to Anderson.

The critics agree that the "Buy American" decision was a small one—indeed, so small and far off in impact on the payments deficit as to be inconsequential. But they argue that its costs have been sizable. For one thing, it means that the same amount of money spent on development buys less if all goods must come from the United States. For example, Development Loan Fund costs for a Pakistan railroad project being jointly undertaken with the World Bank promptly went up by $2 million. Estimates of the over-all increase in Development Loan Fund project costs range to fifteen per cent and higher. Unless more dollars are voted, it will cause an automatic cutback just as the work is getting under way.

It is not altogether reassuring that European financiers, traditionally restriction-minded, are not disturbed. They have grown accustomed to an economic outlook appropriate to nations which have lost their greatness or which have never been great. But Anderson's critics fear that it would be disastrous if the United States in its present situation were to think and behave like a little nation.

The question remains whether this token warning was the best way to bring about the "reorientation" of policy by the countries of Europe. One economist has remarked: "Our relations with Europe are at a stage where acceptance of rules of conduct becomes more and more important. Commercial policy has taken supremacy over economic-aid policy. With development of the Inner Six and Outer Seven, there is real danger of bloc formation that could bring new types of dollar discrimination. We should be using every form of persuasion and example to resist such a development. Instead, we have taken this trivial step. We have compromised a major principle for very little specific gain."

THERE IS an anomaly in the great power that the Secretary of the Treasury exerts within the govern-

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ment. It seems to be a negative, never an energizing force. His preoccupation with the balance sheet appears to preclude the concept that the financial arm of government could be used in a positive way for achieving the nation's economic goals.

Even though tax policy is a primary area of Treasury responsibility, Anderson has taken no initiative. He has permitted his Tax Research Division to shrivel away and has had no proposals to make to the House Ways and Means Committee, which is currently studying tax reform. He discounts any suggestion that a more flexible tax system could be of tremendous help to a Secretary of the Treasury. "Any proposals for an arrangement that would permit some sort of administrative variation in tax rates to counter cyclical

trends . . . ," he declared recently, "do not seem to be feasible—or desirable—under our form of Government."

He shows similar forbearance toward the national debt limit imposed on him by Congress. Though he has had to go to the Hill three times—and soon must go a fourth—to get the debt ceiling raised, Anderson stoutly declines to ask for removal of this ritualistic obstacle against the orderly handling of the government's finances. There is one statutory change Anderson seeks from Congress which would, some members of Congress fear, make him less rather than more the master of his own House. It is the removal of the 4¼ per cent interest-rate ceiling that Congress many years ago imposed on long-term government securities. Anderson tried to get it taken off last session and has promised to renew the fight during the present one.

He argues simply that government must pay the going price in the marketplace for the money it borrows, and that the artificial ceiling now prevents Treasury from marketing its long-term bonds. As a result he has been obliged to rely increasingly on the sale of short-term certificates, unlimited by an interest ceiling, which he claims are both disruptive and inflationary in their impact on the economy.

So far his arguments have been singularly unsuccessful on the Hill. It is an issue rousing deep passions, relating as it does to the historic conflict between "hard" and "cheap" money, which has often divided along party lines. Democrats are convinced that the Eisenhower administration has not done all it could to resist the rapid rise in the cost of money. Interest rates may be a price set in the money market, they argue, but government as the custodian of the marketplace and its biggest customer has a responsibility not to let that price get out of line.

Last year, Anderson attempted to establish a second Texas entente to deal with the issue. With Rayburn's blessing, the House Ways and Means Committee drafted a compromise that would give Treasury its freedom but at the same time would express the "view" of Congress that the Federal Reserve, at its own discretion and other factors being favorable, might help out by purchasing long-term government bonds. Anderson, who sat in during the drafting session, appeared to find the compromise acceptable. A day or so later, however, he rejected it, causing considerable irritation among congressmen who feel that the Federal Reserve Board, created by an act of Congress, could afford to listen to the views of Congress without such solicitude on the part of the Treasury Secretary. For Anderson, any hint of interference with the Federal Reserve Board marks a transgression not just against a government agency but against economic law.

What Kind of Growth?

"Mr. Anderson," an admiring aide to the Secretary remarked not long ago, "uses sophisticated means to arrive at homespun conclusions." It is an explanation that goes to the heart of Anderson's logic in dealing with the nation's finances. The logic can be simply stated: tinkering with the financial system is apt to lead to a relaxation of fiscal and monetary disciplines; relaxed discipline leads to inflation; inflation is the arch-enemy of thrift; and the savings of the thrifty are indispensable to the growth in a free economy.

By such reasoning, he arrives at what many consider to be the most important economic problem of the age at a time when most other industrial nations, including the Soviet Union, are growing at a faster clip. But Anderson does not believe growth can be hurried along. "Sustainable economic growth—not just any kind of growth—is the major goal of economic policy," he told the American Economic Association recently. "A forced, ultra-high rate of growth is not an appropriate objective in a free-choice, market economy. Economic freedom means the right to dispose of our incomes as we see fit—to consume or to save, to invest or not to invest. These decisions, arrived at freely and independently by millions of people and institutions, are a controlling factor in the growth process."

His critics disagree basically with his "growth process," claiming that it may be applicable to a little nation of thrifty shopkeepers but certainly not to a great nation with a

complex industrial structure. They disagree also with the kind of growth Anderson advocates in which a private swimming pool has priority over a public school.

Some reliable economists even dispute whether his kind of growth can sustain itself. A recent staff study pre-

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pared for the Joint Economic Committee of Congress points out that the growth rate of the postwar period has tapered off substantially since 1953, impeded not only by two recessions but by slower growth during prosperity. "The blame must fall primarily on the Federal Government," the report concludes. "The private sector [of the economy] behaved optimistically but its decisions were made unwise in hindsight by the unduly restrictive behavior of the Federal Government. A considerable amount of growth was sacrificed to prevent inflation; and the policy tools that were employed were not capable of containing inflation."

Not all the critiques aimed at Anderson's scheme of things are partisan-inspired. There has been evidence of mounting disquiet among businessmen just as devoted to sound economics as the Secretary of the Treasury. In a speech last fall to the National Association of Manufacturers, Thomas J. Watson, Jr., president of the International Business Machines Corporation, pointed to the need for higher taxes, claiming, "We can't do all the things necessary and still proceed on a 'business-as-usual basis.'" Roy L. Reierson, vice-president of Bankers Trust, has challenged the recent widespread panic over the United States' loss of gold, suggesting that our concepts and not our gold supply may be inadequate. And no less an institution than the United States Chamber of Commerce has issued a caustic report on Anderson's "tied"-loan policy, claiming that it "could create more problems than it would solve."

If Anderson's conservative faith is ever troubled by such challenges or by the less theoretical challenge of the Soviets, he presents a brave front. At the recent meeting of the American Economic Association he concluded with words scarcely less spiritual in content than those in his poem for the National Cathedral Association:

"All that is required of us is that we manage our affairs prudently and abide by the disciplines of economics that the past has proved sound. If we will do that, there is no reason why we do not stand on the threshold of the greatest opportunity this nation has ever known."

AT HOME & ABROAD

THE NEW YORK I KNOW:

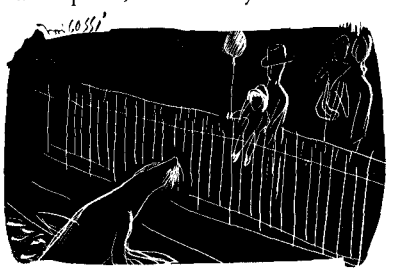
II. Central Park

MARYA MANNES

Central Park is many things. It is the calm eye in the center of a hurricane. It is the vision of men who knew man's needs. It is the measure of seasons in a city which tries to insulate itself from them. It is the refuge of wild things escaping stone. It is a zone of danger. It is the only sleeping land in a sleepless city. And it is the only place, aside from the Jersey and Brooklyn shores and the Lower Bay, from which the dream of Manhattan is wholly visible because the eye has room to embrace it and the heart the distance to love it.

Central Park is also the view from my window; standing close, that is. For lying on my bed I see only a wide pane of sky crossed intermittently by the plunge of pigeons or—much farther off and much higher—by the slow, supremely easy arc of gulls as they ride on thermal currents. They are dirty rapacious birds, but distance divests them of squalor.

Directly below my window is the bridle path, and beyond that a



triangle of trees and grass where the neighborhood dogs run free, and beyond that the pompous stone back of Daniel Webster, one of the strange assortment of statues—Shakespeare, Morse, Humboldt, Mazzini—which nobody looks at. But the focal point of the view is the double lake: two winding irregular ponds, the narrow waist between them spanned by a delicate iron bridge, very gently arched and persistently Japanese in feeling, especially when a small figure stands on the curve, reflected by still water below, and especially on misty afternoons.

Beyond the lake and the boathouse, the Metropolitan Museum to the northeast and the bandstand shell to the southeast, are the apartments of Fifth Avenue—the windows and terraces and water towers and penthouses ranged behind a mile of trees like a line of rich relatives, sober and correct, marshaled by the taller Carlyle tower behind them. But they too can be transformed, not by distance so much as by light. For when a clear sun sets in early fall and winter they are washed in an apricot glow, their windows inflamed and brilliant, and then they might be some desert city of palaces. So beautiful are they, behind dark trees and against a darkening sky, that no matter where I am in the city at that

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hour, I am impelled to rush home and stare at them before the sun is down and the grayness takes over.

And if I crane my neck and face south, I see even greater splendor: the cluster of stalagmites south of Fifty-ninth Street, a pattern of older spires and newer slabs so magnificent in their soaring arrangement that the accident which is Manhattan seems a deliberate creative act.

WHEN is the Park most beautiful from my window? In heavy snow, I think; or the pale green fuzzing of early spring. When the snow has stopped falling and is still blindingly white, and the lake is frozen, the rough ice sparsely dotted with skating and slipping black figures, and the branches are black, then Breughel comes alive. And all the dogs, leaping and racing black silhouettes, are delirious in the snow. Later, after the interminable dead brown sleep of winter, after snow, the first faint blurring of the trees is an excitement. And still later, when the lake is alive with colored boats and rowing people, distance again bestows an innocence on this popular pleasure which closer attention might dispel: the rowdies shout four-letter words as they ram a stranger, and fat men with cigars throw bottles in the lake.

There is a certain lushness about full summer: the heavy denseness of green over all, the leaves unstirred by wind, the whole Park breathing like a tired beast. In the intolerable heat of July, the small white naked bodies of boys splash in the fringes of the lake and climb on rocks, and somehow I think of Thomas Eakins.

But summer stirs the beast too, for this is the time of danger when human animals hide in the cover of leaves and darkness. And even from my room, high up above, I can hear on a stifling night cries which might be horseplay but which could also be screams of fear. Indeed, I once heard a woman cry "Help! Help!," and I rushed to the window at midnight but saw nothing except the lamplight shining through the heavy trees and the rest in blackness.

But let us, as they used to say in television, zoom in closer; using, however, different lenses, for the Park must be seen through different kinds of eyes if we are to know it fully. There is the eye of the child, the eye of the mother and nurse, the eye of the walker and watcher, and each is different.

I don't know how much the eye of a child has changed since I was small—I suspect that a profusion of secondhand marvels has reduced the capacity for delight in firsthand ones—but to the very young, the granite boulders in the Park must still be peaks for conquering and a thicket of firs an ambush beckoning courage. Certainly, where I was scaling these slabs, today's children have sculpture—Hans Christian Andersen and his duck, or the too-elaborate Alice in Wonderland tea party—to crawl over. And where I clung proudly to my wooden carrousel horse, feeling (I know now) that wonderful sense

of pride which a real horse gives his rider, the kids are now gliding up and down on theirs with the same proud glee in their eye: "Look at me! Look at me!"

But some things have changed. The infants and toddlers of the rich still go to the Park with their mothers and nurses, although most of them seek playgrounds rather than the natural contours of hill and rock: "The ground is filthy," said one young mother, "broken glass in the grass, and heaven knows what in the bushes." And on the east side of the Park especially, a caste system is clearly discernible and closely adhered to: *this* playground for mothers with their children, *that* playground for nurses and their charges. Among the nurses, the stratification becomes even more rigid, with the dying breed of nanny at the top and the colored-girl nursemaids at the bottom. Clustered together with their immaculate charges, the middle-aged Swiss, French-Swiss, German, and English nannies exchange their elaborate disdains for the incompetency of their employers. This martyrdom is a part of their superiority and of the basic emotional inadequacies which made them choose their career in the first place. Mothers are thorns in their sides because they themselves are not mothers; yet only they, the nurses, care correctly for children. In a corner, together, the colored maids huddle, miserable in cold weather, far less professional about their charges in any weather. In between these class extremes, the Irish nurses compare their infants and savor their household troubles in a heavy brogue.

But I see very few of the "better-class" children playing in the Park now; partly, I imagine, because of anticipated dangers and partly because the lives of today's well-to-do young are so organized that no time is left for the idle stroll or the desultory games of imagination. It is the misfits, the truants, the ne'er-do-wells who idle and stroll, out of emptiness or an obscure urge toward trouble. Only a heavy fall of snow brings out the well-to-do children and their sleds, and I feel that even here most of them wait for their country weekends or their long country holidays. Decades ago it was not so: the hills were full of friends, shouting and pink-faced; and if you dragged your sled to certain specific knolls, you knew who'd be there.

Skating, too, is a different matter. Then there was no Wollman rink, and we skated only on the lakes when they froze over. Rough or smooth, they were wonderful: all the space in the world and no need for Muzak; the head sang with joy while the ears rang with cold. No need to go round and round in one direction, no confinement of the experts to one small circle. In the long fingers and coves of the lakes each could take his pace and attempt his curves without the risk—except for the immortal and inescapable show-off, churning the ice in a swathe—of collision. These were the great freedoms of the Park in winter, a resort five blocks away.

I DO NOT REMEMBER the Park zoo as a child; we went to the Bronx for our animals. Later, much later, I took my own child to the little zoo by the Arsenal, as most mothers

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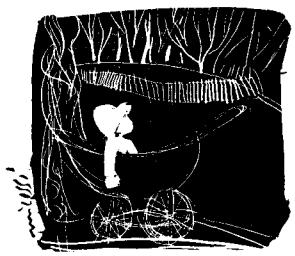
do. But my real pleasure in it is part of a present ritual as a stroller: a point in the diagonal walk from the West Side to the shopping and business Fifties and Fifth Avenue.

A long watch at the sea lions' pool is imperative. There is a large one, who looks male, and two smaller ones, who look female: these two have something clinging and tender



about them as they suffer his ill temper. Often I have seen one of them rub up against his fat and shining flank only to get an irritable shrug, a sharp bark in the face, and an edging away. I watch them as they stretch and doze when their bellies are full, and I watch them in their ludicrous anxiety for the midday fish: a constant craning of necks toward the keeper's expected approach, a constant leaping out of water and peering through the railings, blowing a fishy breath, barking and bristling. But I love them best when they are simply playing: performing an underwater ballet so swift and graceful and full of humor (they race below belly upward, their flippers folded over, then shoot out of water with silly bravura faces) that no sense of captivity remains. They are the only animals there that do not make me actively sad. I cannot bear to look at the big cats—lions, tigers, leopards, cheetahs—because of their hopeless constriction, forced either to doze with their beautiful yellow eyes open or to pace in padded silence all day long. Nor can I find any amusement, as I used to, in the big apes. The look in the eyes of the gorilla frightens me; it is full of an implacable race hatred.

There is a yak there, too, from whom I must turn away. He has a distorted horn that curves up under his chin and he must know his distortion, for he usually stands in a dark corner of his cell, a big black shaggy heap of depression. And I am embarrassed for the moulting camel.

But the Barbary wild sheep fascinate me. They stand in absolute stillness on small rocks to which their hooves seem fastened, while their big goat eyes, full of amber interior light, see nothing. And when there is a baby llama or a baby Sika deer or tahr, I am enchanted by their tentative necks, their long lashes, and their feeble legs, so easily buckled. Theirs is a vulnerability which even our smallest Park children seem to lack.

For I watch their faces too, as they come, singly with parents, or in long queues with teachers, to look at the animals, and there is a toughness in too many of them. Their amusement at the animals is contemptuous, and I keep wondering whether anybody has given them a sense of reverence for the multiple marvels of species, for the separate identities of these beasts. Pity, certainly, is an alien emotion to the young. But what of wonder?

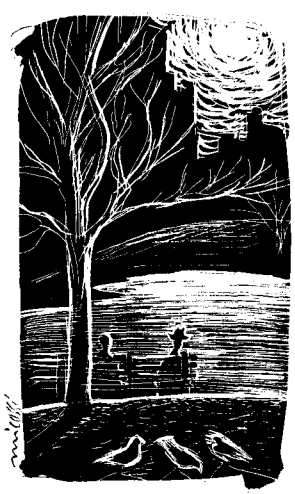
The real lovers of the zoo by the Arsenal appear to be foreigners. German, Russian, Italian, French, Czech—the chatter at the tables of the cafeteria and at the benches facing the sea-lion pool is all of these. In fact, it is the foreigners who walk in any weather, finding in the Park some answer to their craving for peace in a city that provides no islands of rest or simple sociability in its midst.

IT IS A SOURCE of deep amazement to me that the Park is so little used by the people of the city, except as an escape from heat in summer. For nine months of the year it is virtually empty during the day except for the playgrounds and on holidays. On glorious days of sun and wind or of soft grayness I have crossed the Park time and again and met no more than five others on the way. It is this very loneliness now that makes me walk by the main arteries rather than on the smaller paths; even in daylight I cannot rule out the thought of danger.

But why, in a city of eight million, are there not more who feel the need of sky overhead and earth underneath? who must stretch legs in a long stride and the chest with a long breath? They cannot all be day workers. Are American legs really so atrophied? There is pleasure even in watching those common animals the squirrels. Their tails fold so neatly over their backs, their paws are so expert holding nuts. And there is always this question: Do they remember where they buried their own nuts, or do they dig up somebody else's? I am constantly diverted, too, by the foolishness of dogs who strain at the leash in whimpering yearning to chase them. Or who, unleashed, race after squirrels and end at the foot of trees looking upwards, quivering.

And I cannot see one of these respectable rodents without remembering a fire that took place last year in a hollow tree on the edge of the Park near by. Firemen came to put it out, and when an elderly woman observer asked one of the hosemen, "What is it, officer, what happened?," he turned to her with a face empty of guile and said, "Squirrel—smoked in bed."

And what of the birds? Early on a spring morning I have looked out



of my window and seen a little band of people across the lake, their elbows raised as they hold binoculars up. They are bird watchers, of course, and a happier company never was, for they live on hope interspersed with shocks of joy: there he is, the first hermit thrush!—or the first rose-breasted grosbeak!—or the first magnolia warbler! And after this hour they can go to their offices or their homes with a sense of buoyant completion denied their fellows. I am neither knowledgeable nor dedicated enough to be of their kind, but even I find joy in the flight of strange birds and a call I never heard before. And some mornings, without stirring from my room, I

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can hear the first morning song—strangely like distant sleighbells—of the feathered population of the Park. There is solace in this irrepressible, inalterable act of nature in the midst of gigantic artifice.

Still another dedicated group are the model-boat sailors on the round pond at Seventy-second Street. Their miniature yachts, perfect with mahogany and brass, intricate rigging, and the right pennants, are products of great love and years of hours. And when they take the wind, lean over, and race toward the other lip of the pool leaving a miniature hissing wake, the eyes of their owners—hurrying to meet them—are no less solicitous than a parent's.

All these people, in fact: the people who love birds, the people who love dogs, the old chess players in their little stone pagoda, the bowlers on their greens, the expert horsemen and horsewomen—these are the best citizens of this realm of the Park simply because they love. It is those sick with lack of love or interest who harm. Even the old shabby woman with her paper bag full of crumbs for the pigeons who need none is better than they, sick though she may be too for want of love.

IN SUMMER, of course, music and drama will bring people to the Park. And although spoiled like most New Yorkers by a wealth of both on easier terms, and averse to crowds, I have gone on a suffocating night to look and hear. The reward is less in the performance (the music is pedestrian, though the acting in Joseph Papp's Shakespeare can be of high quality) than in the faces of those who listen: a rapt intentness that brings out the best of men and women for they are losing themselves in something beyond them. The old look less tired, and the young, in attitudes of love on the grass, more tender.

But on the fringes of the innocent, the evil gather. Heat and night bring the roaches from their crevices, and then the Park becomes a jungle. (Even in my childhood there was danger: our doctor arrived one evening bruised and cut from an assault by two thugs who took his watch and money. And in broad daylight two things happened which I cannot forget. Once a man with his features obliterated by blood came out of a thicket, staggering, and I fled in terror. And once, in deep winter, in the same rambles which the prudent now avoid, I came upon a man in an act which I did not understand but which wholly revolted me. I ran, sickened, the half mile to my home.)

Now, of course, there is more violence and more perversity. The Park has become not only a stalking ground for young predators and rapists; it is a point of assignation

for homosexuals, and I need go no further than my window to see the figure of a man waiting behind a tree and later joined by another man, who walks with him under the heavy shadows of leaves and out of sight. And a walk down to Fifty-ninth Street on the western verge of the Park some steaming day is a line-up (or lie-down) of derelicts, some sleeping on benches or grass, others muttering to themselves, others sitting in a hopeless stupor of alcohol. They are there, to be sure, not for an evil purpose, but because even in their befuddlement the Park is kinder than the grimy furnished rooms where they live, and the dirty grass cooler than their beds.

And the police? They rove the main roads periodically in patrol cars, and I have seen two give summonses to women for letting small dogs off the leash in an area devoid of people. But in my walks across the Park, there are days when I meet no patrolman.

WHEN CENTRAL PARK first came into being over a hundred years ago, its architects saw it as a refuge for the well rather than an asylum for the sick. Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux, who landscaped this great tract of featureless land spotted with shanties, saw it for what it was: the salvation of the city, the delight of the citizen. They had a mayor, Ambrose C. Kingsland, who furthered their aim, and a board of commissioners distinguished by the presence of William Cullen Bryant, who edited the New York *Evening Post* from 1829 to 1878, and Andrew Jackson Downing, who edited the *Horticulturist*. For five years these men and others fought for this central site, and for five and a half million dollars it was finally bought from its private owners by the city. A triumph over the "practical" rapacity of real-estate interests who wept at the waste of building sites, Central Park became the first park in the United States, and a model for most that followed.

But now Vaux and Olmstead and Downing and Bryant would weep at the Park they made, not if they looked at it from my window but if they walked its paths as I do and

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looked closely. Everywhere they would see the contempt and negligence of man: the litter of cellophane and bottletops in the bottom of every grove; the jumble of paper cups and containers and cans and bottles at the fringe of once-clear lakes; the newspapers left lying on the grass, to blow, get sodden, and stick among the twigs; the accumulated dust of city and man that spreads a gray dry film over the freshness of growth, exhausting before its time.

Some of it, in the middle of a giant city, is inescapable. Much of it is the fault of municipal poverty, allotting a handful of workers where battalions are needed to keep the land from eroding, the trees from dying, and the grass from despoliation. But most of the fault lies with the people for whom the Park was made, or rather for the generations that succeeded them. Undisciplined barbarians have done this to the Park, as if to vent on nature what they cannot on stone. Without pride, without love, without innocence, they use this public bounty for their private ends, ravishing and wrecking as they go. Even the rats have taken heart from this. They now crawl openly in daylight along the bridle path, scavenging.

AGAINST this ravishment, the Central Park Association and men like Robert Moses have done what they can, which they know is not enough. And generous citizens have endowed boathouses, fountains, and gardens to keep the idea of natural pleasures alive. To them we owe what small beauties are left. As to the larger ones, nothing can spoil the wide sweep of the sheep meadow spread before the great southern towers of Manhattan. Nothing can spoil the brilliant rippled rectangle of the Reservoir. Nothing can spoil what you see when you look from a window high on the southern border of the Park: miles and miles of trees and clearings which seem to lead not to Harlem, which is invisible, but to freedom.

The Park contains the unconquerable forces of life itself, which persists in flowering, persists in enduring, and still states, every spring, with an explosion of purpose, its essential immortality.

Khrushchev Plays The Waiting Game

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

"WE TOO like Ike," the Italian Communists chanted when President Eisenhower arrived in Rome early in December. Their leader, Palmiro Togliatti, told them to forget their old slogan "Yankee go home!" and turn out *en masse* to welcome the President along his route. In this incident were highlighted, somewhat ironically, Khrushchev's efforts to align all Communist Parties behind his summit diplomacy. The Italian Communists accomplished their change of front just after a long-prepared conference of seventeen Western European Communist Parties had been held in Rome, the first such conference to be held since the dissolution of the Cominform; and so it was with the blessing of the conference that Togliatti instructed his party to "like Ike."

This need not have come as a surprise to anyone who has followed the curious twists and turns that have recently been introduced into the tactics of various Communist Parties in various parts of the world. In Asia and Africa as well as in Europe the Communist Parties have had to adjust themselves to the consequences of Khrushchev's American journey and to the abatement of the cold war. Moscow has made it clear to them that henceforth "peaceful coexistence" must be treated as something more than a propagandist shibboleth, and that its requirements must govern the conduct of every Communist Party. True, even Khrushchev seems a little afraid that in an atmosphere of *détente* the Communist Parties might get too soft; and so he has reminded them that peaceful coexistence, no matter what compromises and conciliatory policies it might entail, should cause no break in the Communist "struggle against bourgeois ideology." The reminder was needed partly as a face-saving device and partly to shield Khrushchev's policy from the criticisms to which it is exposed within the Communist camp.

The fact is that as under Stalin so under Khrushchev, the Communist Parties are called upon to subordinate their policies to the requirements of Soviet diplomacy. If in 1956, in the aftermath of the Twentieth Congress, some Communist leaders outside the Communist bloc hoped that de-Stalinization would enable them to frame their own tactics without constant reference to Moscow's foreign policy, they must now be somewhat disappointed. No one had expressed that hope more sanguinely than Togliatti, who proclaimed that the time when the Communist Parties took their cue exclusively from Moscow was over and that a new era, the "era of polycentrism," had opened for Communism. There was therefore a touch of the grotesque in the eagerness with which he now once again saw to it that his party's policy should so spectacularly suit Moscow's diplomatic convenience.

"WE ARE FIGHTING for the preservation of the international *status quo*" is the cue that now comes from Moscow; and so Communists everywhere must stand for the *status quo*. They have been told that they must not "provoke" the western governments and the western bourgeoisie, nor must they indulge in or threaten any action that might possibly upset that *status quo*. They must not make themselves guilty of "ultra-left extremism," for if they did, they would play into the hands of those western reactionaries who seek to continue the cold war and to obstruct President Eisenhower's benevolent policy. In a word, Communists must now be sensible, moderate, well-mannered.

These instructions (which were brought to Paris by Maurice Thorez, the leader of the French party,

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after his recent stay in Moscow) were unlikely to cause any grave shock to Western European Communism. Having for years been either on the defensive or reduced to political impotence, the Western European Communist Parties have had no chance to upset the *status quo* anyhow. Whatever the party line, the Italian Communist leaders were not preparing to seize power in the near future; and the French have been only too glad and even pleasantly surprised to see that de Gaulle has so far allowed them to carry on under the Fifth Republic as a tolerated opposition. Yet there has been some heartache among Communists in Paris who seem to like Ike somewhat less than their Roman comrades do.

Surrender in Iraq

In other parts of the world, for instance in the Middle East, where the *status quo* is far more fragile and where the Communists could undermine it, the impact of Khrushchev's policy has been far more dramatic. This is especially true of Iraq, where conditions are still highly unstable and from where the Communists might well be able to upset the whole precarious balance of the Middle East.

The Baghdad revolution of July, 1958, had given the Communists there an extraordinary opportunity. They were at the head of the insurgent crowds that rose against the monarchy and brought General Abdul Karim Kassem to power. In the following months, up to May-June, 1959, their influence grew by leaps and bounds. They led the trade unions, they captured the student organizations, and they entrenched themselves in the armed forces. They demanded their share of power, and when Kassem refused to offer them seats in his government, it looked as if they were preparing to carry the revolution a stage further and overthrow him. *Ittihad al Shaab,* the Communist newspaper of Baghdad, openly accused the general of treason to the revolution, and Communist speakers at turbulent mass meetings echoed the accusation. Most western observers on the spot agreed that Kassem could hardly hold his ground against an all-out Communist offensive. His own following was small, and he refused to try to rally the anti-Communist forces, which were intimidated and disorganized and for whose support Nasser made a bid when he attacked Kassem as a "Communist stooge."

Then, in the summer, the Communist offensive was suddenly called off—on urgent demands from Moscow, where reports about the rising revolutionary temperature of Iraq had caused alarm. Khrushchev refused to countenance a Communist upheaval in Baghdad—he feared that this would provoke renewed western intervention in the Eastern Mediterranean, set the Middle East aflame, and wreck his policy of

peaceful coexistence. He was already reckoning with the prospect of his visit to Washington and was anxious to produce evidence of Soviet "good will" in the Middle East.

A bill of indictment against the Iraqi Communist leaders was drawn up in Moscow and the party was ordered not merely to make its peace with Kassem but to surrender to him unconditionally with only a minimum of face saving. These were the main counts in the indictment:

¶ The Central Committee of the Communist Party of Iraq was wrong in turning against Kassem and denouncing him as a traitor. It was a mistake on its part to raise a clamor for Communist participation in Kassem's government and to call turbulent mass demonstrations in support of that demand.

¶ The party had overplayed its hand in forming the so-called National Front; and in the months of its ascendancy it had allowed its own ranks to become swamped by ultra-left extremists.

¶ The party was "dizzy with success"; it tolerated and even encouraged mob violence in the streets of Baghdad and elsewhere, and thereby it played into the hands of the counterrevolution.

In conclusion, Moscow "advised" the Central Committee to demote those of its leaders who were guilty of these "deviations," to purge the ranks and expel the ultra-left extremists, to come out openly with a *mea culpa,* to "dissociate itself from mob violence and mob hysteria," and to acknowledge General Kassem as the "national revolutionary leader."

These instructions have been carried out to the letter; and the Iraqi Central Committee has published a cringing recantation in *Ittihad al Shaab,* which Moscow's *Kommunist* has eagerly publicized. Since the far-off days in the middle 1920's when Stalin ordered the Chinese Communists to serve as the "Kuomintang's coolies," no Communist Party has ever been exposed to quite as abject a humiliation.

Algerian Sidestep

At the same time, Khrushchev also called a halt to the incipient Communist campaign against President Nasser, in which he had been accused of selling out to western imperialism. Khrushchev silenced these accusations, partly "not to drive Nasser further into western arms" and partly to demonstrate to the West that Moscow had no intention of obstructing the improvement in relations between Egypt and the western powers.

The repercussions of this policy have also been felt in North Africa. Moscow has never given more than tepid verbal support to the struggle of the Algerian insurgents; and since de Gaulle has invited Khrushchev to France, the lukewarmness has turned to chilliness. Moscow has openly endorsed de Gaulle's scheme for an Algerian settlement. The French Communists at first denounced the scheme as a fraud, only to be told by Thorez after his re-

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turn from Moscow that they were wrong and that they must accept de Gaulle's scheme and merely insist on its proper implementation. Such an attitude differs little, if at all, from that adopted by the "Gaullist Left," and it is no mean embarrassment for the Communists to become almost indistinguishable from the latter. For the moment Thorez seems to be out of step even with his own Politburo, while the Politburo has trouble with the rank and file, who feel that the moral credit Moscow has given de Gaulle has strengthened his hand *vis-à-vis* the Communists even in domestic affairs.

In the Far East, too, Khrushchev has demonstratively assumed the role of guardian of the *status quo*. This is the sense of his refusal to take sides in the frontier dispute between India and China and of his "impartial appeal" to both for an amicable settlement of the conflict. This gesture of Soviet neutrality in a conflict between a Communist government and a bourgeois one must have shocked not only Peking but even some people in Moscow who hold that the frontier dispute has been artificially concocted not by Mao but by India's Congress Party. It is, they claim, part of a drive against the Indian Communist Party designed to justify Nehru's ousting of the Communist government of Kerala and to discredit Indian Communism. Khrushchev has evidently refused to endorse this view and to some extent has deliberately strengthened Nehru's position *vis-à-vis* both Chinese and Indian Communists. Uncommitted opinion in Asia is bound to conclude that if even the Soviet leader refuses to declare his solidarity with Mao on this occasion, then Mao must be in the wrong. Khrushchev has not spared Mao this embarrassment, because he has been out to demonstrate once again that he "means business" when he speaks of the preservation of the *status quo*, and that in the interest of the *status quo* he is prepared to curb his great and sensitive ally.

Finally, official Moscow has watched with the utmost discretion President Eisenhower's triumphant progress through the countries of the Middle East and India. If the President had gone on such a tour in different circumstances or, say, a year earlier, Moscow would have denounced it as an attempt to bring the former colonial and semi-colonial countries "under the domination of American imperialism"

and to align them militarily with SEATO and NATO. Even now Moscow is uneasy about the implications of the journey, and many Russian leaders suspect that Eisenhower has egged on Nehru to exacerbate the conflict with China and has virtually drawn India into the system of western alliances. So far, however, no official voice in Moscow has been allowed to vent the suspicion and no unfriendly remark has been permitted to disturb in public the atmosphere of good will that should prevail in the months preceding the summit meeting.

The international Communist movement appears to have accepted the new zigzag in the party line without demur. But this unanimity is not unruffled, for not all Communist leaders are as eager to accept the consequences of Khrushchev's summitry as Togliatti has been. The French, as we have seen, have their misgivings. They are hoping to make propaganda capital out of Khrushchev's visit to France, but they know that de Gaulle is likely to make far greater capital. In any case, when Khrushchev seeks to befriend de Gaulle, French Communism finds the edge of its own anti-Gaullism uncomfortably blunted. Worse still, one of the incidental results of the new party line is to hold up to ridicule the campaign against revisionism and Titoism, a campaign in which the French Communist leaders have participated with great zeal. One of their chief charges against Tito has been his "hobnobbing with the West." Yet the Yugoslavs have never come out with the cry "We too like Ike"; and compared with the crudities of the Khrushchevite "friendship with the West," Tito's attitude must now appear to many Communists as one of dignified reserve and discretion. The Yugoslavs themselves are not at all eager to make much of this difference, because on the whole they approve the latest trend in Soviet policy and have no intention of interfering with the French and Italian Communist Parties as they adjust their tactics to that trend. But the Yugoslavs feel that the anti-revisionist campaign has suffered a setback and that in due time this should have repercussions in Eastern Europe.

Betrayal of Asia?

Much more important than these ripples of agitation in European Communism is Peking's disapproval of Khrushchev's "rightist" tactics. Perhaps motives are mixed. There is still too much revolutionary fervor in Communist China for its rulers to be able to swallow easily Khrushchev's diplomatic opportunism, and Mao has no reason to be enthusiastic about summit meetings from which his government is excluded. He has more than once intimated to Khrushchev that he will not consider himself bound by any East-West settlement to which he has not been a party. Khrushchev appears to pay little heed to the warning, and he has certainly done less than he might have done to associate China and other members of the Soviet bloc with his diplomacy. While the ministers of the western powers assembled in Paris for their pre-summit meetings and President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Herter went to great length to reconcile divergencies and dissensions within NATO, Mao and other Communist

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leaders must have reflected on the fact that Khrushchev had not even bothered to call them together in a similar way and to thrash out with them his line of conduct at the summit. True enough, since his return from Washington, Khrushchev has paid visits to Peking and various other Communist capitals. But he has evidently preferred such "bilateral contacts" to a full-scale pre-summit conference of Communist governments, perhaps because such a conference might provide too large a sounding board for their discords.

The Chinese not only resent the rebuke to them that was implied in Khrushchev's declaration of Soviet neutrality over their border conflict with India; they are, generally speaking, not inclined to accept "the preservation of the *status quo*" as the present objective of Communist policy. They do not agree that the Communist Parties should act, if only temporarily, as the guardians of the *status quo*. Unlike the Russians, the Chinese have recognized the Algerian rebel government and demonstrated thereby that they are going much further than the Russians in backing anti-imperialist movements in colonial countries. Being themselves the outlaws of western diplomacy, they had no inhibition in recognizing another "outlaw" government. Nor do they approve the Moscow-ordered retreat of the Iraqi Communist Party and its virtual surrender to General Kassem. This has reminded them of the policies of submission to the Kuomintang and to Chiang Kai-shek that Stalin had once imposed on them. And so the Maoists have more than once suggested, though they have not shouted this view from their housetops, that in pursuing his summit diplomacy Khrushchev has been needlessly sacrificing revolution in Asia and has come close to betraying proletarian internationalism.

It was in reply to such voices that Khrushchev in one of his recent speeches suddenly declared that those Communists who doubted the correctness of his policy and would seek to obstruct the *détente* were behaving in a Trotskyist manner; for it was Trotsky, he alleged, who had held that there could be "neither war nor peace" between Communist and capitalist countries. The reference to Trotsky was taken out of context. He used the famous phrase in exceptional circumstances, in February, 1918, at Brest Litovsk, during his peace negotiations with Germany. Trotsky refused to accept the German terms and broke off the negotiations, declaring that there would be neither peace nor war. But soon thereafter he himself voted for

the Brest Litovsk peace; and presently he became the earliest advocate of "peaceful coexistence." Khrushchev was, of course, concerned not with the subtleties of historical truth but with his current inner-party controversy. Even in post-Stalinist Communism, Trotskyism has remained the heresy of heresies; and Khrushchev would not have hinted that some of his critics might be contaminated with Trotskyism if the inner-party controversy had not become acute.

The argument in the Communist camp has centered on two issues. First (to put it in the terms in which the argument is conducted), is peaceful coexistence not a mirage? Can the conflict between capitalism and Communism be resolved peacefully? Cannot capitalism resort to war if and when it finds that peaceful competition spells ruin for it? Secondly, what price should Communism be prepared to pay for peaceful coexistence? Should it agree to self-containment? And should it agree to contain revolution in colonial and semi-colonial countries?

Khrushchev's answer is that, contrary to the traditional Marxist and Leninist assumptions, capitalism may well refrain from war even if it finds itself to be the loser in peaceful competition, because in the nuclear age, and in view of the growing Soviet military superiority, capitalism cannot even hope to improve its chances through war. This being so, there is no reason why the Communist bloc should not accept a policy of self-containment until the time when the Soviet Union will have overtaken the United States industrially and when its higher standards of living and of social efficiency and organization will make the appeal of Communism irresistible to peoples outside the Soviet bloc. In the meantime, no Communist upheaval in, say, Iraq and no frontier dispute between India and China should be allowed to disturb the peaceful progress of the Soviet Union and of the entire Soviet bloc. To those who reproach him with subordinating the fate of revolution in Asia to his diplomacy, Khrushchev replies: "Would you rather see us subordinate the progress and the security of the Soviet Union and of its allies to the supposed interests of Communism in Baghdad?"

The Recalcitrant Dragon

Peking continues to doubt the reality of the *détente* and to hold that western imperialism is not disposed to accept the prospect of peaceful coexistence and competition. At the same time, the Maoists speak much more emphatically than the Russians do about "the invincible might of the countries of socialism" and about the "irresistible wind from the East."

They argue, in effect, that if, as Khrushchev claims, the western powers are so overawed by the destructiveness of nuclear weapons and by Soviet military superiority that they will accept peaceful coexistence even if this brings them to defeat, then this is one more reason why Moscow should not curb revolutionary movements abroad. Would Soviet progress and security really be endangered, Peking asks, if the Communists of Iraq were to take a more aggressive line and even seize power? And how far is Khrushchev prepared to go in containing revolution? The

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Maoists view India as the next great battlefield of the class struggle; and recent developments in India, with which they are more closely concerned than the Russians, give them no ground for satisfaction. They contrast the meekness with which their Indian comrades have allowed Nehru to destroy the Communist base in Kerala with the determination and stubbornness with which Mao and his men had defended their Yenan base against Chiang Kai-shek in the course of many years. They see the surrender of their Indian comrades as part of Moscow's design to appease Nehru in the interest of peaceful coexistence—as part of the same design for which Khrushchev has flaunted his neutrality in the boundary conflict.

IN ALL THESE DIFFERENCES there is stuff for a grave controversy in which one may see reproduced, in a new context, some of the motifs of the Trotsky-Stalin controversy of the 1920's. But it is farfetched to suggest that these differences must lead to a definite breach. Khrushchev is no Stalin; he has none of Stalin's *furor teologicus;* and Mao is far more of a pragmatist and opportunist than Trotsky was. And—who knows—even Trotsky and Stalin, if they had stood at the head of two different and powerful Communist states, might have maintained a united front before the non-Communist world.

To me at least, the expectation, expressed recently by leading western statesmen, of a fundamental conflict between Russia and China, in which Russia might even seek to align itself with the West against China, is sheer fantasy. The bonds between the two Communist states are so manifold and strong and the advantages each of the two powers derives from the alliance are so great that neither can allow the alliance to break down. Both will do all they can to keep the Soviet bloc in being. But it is true that within the bloc resentments and tensions are mounting which may strain its unity, may affect Khrushchev's policy, and may in their turn be affected by the success or the failure of Khrushchev's diplomatic initiatives.

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A REPORTER ESSAY

THE FUTURE IN AMERICA:

II. Dilemmas of Abundance

ROBERT L. HEILBRONER

IF WE CONTINUE to grow over the next twenty years at a rate comparable to the past ten, an extraordinary prospect begins to open before the American economy.

The authoritative Committee for Economic Development has forecast an average wage of $7,100 after taxes in 1975, and *Fortune* has predicted that forty-five per cent of all American families will enjoy an income of more than $7,500 by 1970. Hence, if we look still farther ahead to 1980, the level of average family income can easily rise to $8,000.

At first, $8,000 may not appear to be a startling sum. Yet we must reflect that it is well above the median income of all professional and semi-professional, managerial, and self-employed personnel for 1957, the most recent year for which we have such broad occupational figures. Thus our potential economic achievement over the next twenty years must be seen as the upgrading of an entire society to the point where its representative family enjoys a standard of living comparable to that of the upper middle class today. Such a condition of mass economic independence has never before characterized any large society.

To be sure we must beware of rosy oversimplifications. Growth will not automatically eliminate many of the existing pockets of poverty in America. Much of this poverty is no longer connected functionally with the operation of the economy, and therefore does not directly share in its improvement. No realistic projection of national well-being twenty or even forty years hence can shrug off the likelihood that penury will continue to weigh upon underprivileged groups in society such as Negro and immigrant workers, unless we take deliberate measures to reintegrate them into the main stream of activity.

BUT EVEN with such a qualification —which, let us remember, today affects the life chances of at least one household in ten—there is no question that an unprecedented economic prospect lies before us. For if the economic momentum of our society will continue to manifest itself, there is no reason to stop at 1980. We must then look to our grandchildren's time, another twenty years ahead. And now the prospect becomes genuinely startling in its implications. Given a maintenance of the trend of growth, we can confidently expect an ordinary factory

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worker in that day to earn an income equal to at least $10,000. Looking yet another generation or two ahead, the Twentieth Century Fund estimates that a working American a century hence will produce as much in a seven-hour day as he now does in a forty-hour week. This quintupling of productivity would mean in effect that a factory worker could earn the equivalent of $15,000 to $20,000 while working only four days a week.

Such projections, as we shall see, may well never be attained. But even as mere "projections" they reveal the essential factor about the American economic drive. This is its socially revolutionary quality. For we cannot describe the momentous economic prospect before us in the simple terms by which it is pictured in the imaginary individual instance. We are getting wealthier not only individually but *en masse*; and the rise in living standards which implies nothing more than a personal opportunity when viewed in the single instance takes on the impersonal attribute of a changing social environment when it involves everyone at once. The future will not be only a richer version of the present. What is for each of us merely a prospect of quantitative change becomes for all of us a prospect of qualitative change as well.

Social Controls

Many of the changes inherent in a society of abundance we cannot foresee. What ideals and aspirations, what values and standards will characterize a society of abundance are largely a matter for conjecture. But there is one impending change we *can* anticipate, for it is wrapped up in the very meaning of abundance itself. This is a serious decline in our accustomed mechanism of social control.

It is one of the dangerous self-deceptions of our society to pretend that mechanisms of control do not really exist, and to maintain, without qualification, that we are an economically "free" people. In fact what we mean is that we are free in a number of extremely important ways, such as the right to choose our own employment. But while esteeming our freedom, we must not let it blind us to a condition which permits it. After all, our economic liberty could result in a disastrous social breakdown if our free choices of employment left undone the tasks on which the community depends. We have but to imagine the consequences—to take but a trivial example—if no one chose to become a subway or bus worker, to understand the danger inherent in economic freedom.

But the risk in real life is small. For the prerequisite of our economic freedom is the knowledge that the tasks *will* get done. And this knowledge comes to us not out of a respect for our intelligence or civic conscience but because we know that *economic pressure will drive us to do them*. That is to say, when we ask how it is that free men go willingly to the subways or the busses, the assembly line or the office, the answer is: *there is where the jobs are;* and when we ask why free men charge so little—barely more than a modest comfort—to do work they do not much enjoy, the answer is: *they cannot get more*—which is to say that by virtue of their low levels of skill, their educational and cultural deficiencies, their lack of wealth, they are not able to strike too hard a bargain for doing what must be done.

This has been an eternal condition of society. But it is a condition that the emergence of abundance begins to undermine. For if the approach to abundance has any one paramount historic significance, it is the gradual elimination of a group hitherto so prevalent as to be simply taken for granted—the great mass of anonymous men on whose generalized willingness to work the high edifices of civilization have been built. It is this group which abundance slowly causes to disappear. The diffusion of well-being down into the lower ranks of society gradually obliterates the line between those who have not and must and those who have and therefore need not. Society is increasingly composed of those who need not.

IN THE IMMEDIATE OFFING, the extension of economic well-being portends mainly a continuation of the trend toward equality of incomes. That is, it promises a gradual drying up of applicants for the meaner jobs of society, and the steady increase in pay of those who will still take them. But somewhat more distantly a more disturbing prospect appears.

This is the possibility that as the level of general affluence reaches upper-middle-class levels, there may be *no* arrangement of incomes or rewards that will lure men to many of the posts society must fill. Britain experienced a foretaste of such an impasse in the postwar period, when its miners began to use their newfound affluence to leave the pits. By 1952 the number of boys and young men in the mines, which a generation before totaled over 150,000, had dwindled to less than 50,000. In desperation, miners' wages, which had been as low as eightieth on the scale of industrial pay, were raised to head the list. Amenities of many kinds were introduced by the National Coal Board. Both the miners' union and the Labour government urged the miners to remain in the industry. Still the exodus continued, until finally "mercenaries"—foreign laborers—had to be imported to get out the coal.

We have encountered a similar exodus from "dirty work" at home, although in somewhat disguised form. We must ask ourselves where our society would recruit its menial workers—its domestics, elevator men, janitors, dishwashers, heavy laborers—if we did not possess a pool of "foreign" labor in our Negro, Mexican, Puerto Rican, and other ethnic minorities. At a higher level, despite the fact that factory jobs pay better—often far better—than clerical jobs, the sons of the middle class do not follow the arrow of economic advantage: they want "more" from a job than "just" pay. Tomorrow, when this class is even more ubiquitous, we may feel the acute lack of a labor force which seeks no index to a job except its pay. In a society of general abundance, even very high wages are not apt to tempt men to jobs which they do not associate with status and dignity.

No doubt such a condition of general economic independence is admirable. Certainly it is preferable to the situation that obtains today, where freedom accrues to those who have wealth and necessity weighs upon those who do not. But inde-

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pendence must nonetheless be made compatible with the continuity of the human community itself. If the pressure of economic need, which already barely suffices to fill every chamber of the social engine, should fall far enough, that engine will halt.

Change of Rules

All these portents point in one direction. They signify that the price of an economy of abundance is the replacement of the traditional economic control mechanism with new kinds of social controls. The central problem of the new society will be to find the means of assuring its own discipline in place of the disappearing force of economic pressure.

This conclusion, which is most easily grasped in the example of "dirty work," is reinforced manyfold when we extend the consequences of diminishing economic pressure to the economy at large. We can then see that the traditional means of control over *business* as well as over labor are being eroded by the waning of economic necessity.

Historically, that control was exercised by the mechanism of the competitive market—a mechanism which imposed the "social will" as relentlessly upon business as it did upon labor. But just as the market exerted its effective discipline upon labor through the pressure of economic necessity, so did it impose its commands upon business through the imperious force of economic survival. Businesses which failed to compete, which put "conscience" above profit seeking, which disregarded the "demands" of the marketplace, were simply eliminated from the system.

It is hardly necessary to point out that these stringent requirements are no longer visible in the central bastions of the economy. The cutthroat competition that still characterized the industrial battles of the late nineteenth century has largely given way to the milder competition of "customer service" under the protective cover of administered prices. The single-minded quest for profits is likewise being replaced, as business itself asserts, by "wider" considerations such as its "obligations" to the community. All this no doubt testifies to the growing power and perhaps the developing conscience of giant firms. But it is also tacit proof that business no longer *must* abide by the harsh rules of the past in order to survive.

MORE SIGNIFICANT is the emergence of another characteristic of big business behavior—its manipulation and creation of consumer wants through advertising. This much-observed phenomenon is commonly deplored for its deleterious social effects. But what escapes notice is that this behavior, too, reflects a weakening of the strictures of economic necessity.

In the nineteenth century, as John Kenneth Galbraith has observed, no one needed an advertising man to tell him what he wanted. If today the consumer is more and more the creature of advertising, the fault does not lie with the malicious intentions of business. It lies in the fact that with the rise of abundance, the nature of consumer "demand" has radically changed. Demand is no longer concentrated, as in the days of prevailing scarcity, on the basic necessities of life. More and more it is unformulated in character, evidencing itself only in a general willingness to spend large sums of money on any number of possible goods. In the demand for cars, television sets, air conditioners, and the like, there are no longer patterns of exigent need but only diffuse and capricious desires—desires which, rather than imposing their "will" unambiguously on business, virtually invite the imposition of the will of business upon themselves. Indeed, business is *forced* to create and capture the public "will," if it is to have any reasonable assurance of stability in the "wants" to which it caters.

From Abundance to Control

In more or less dramatic fashion, all these aspects of big business behavior reflect the progressive weakening of the imperious economic pressures that once enforced the "rules" of traditional economic behavior. But there is more at stake than a change in economic manners. What we see in the loosening of the market mechanism is the gradual disappearance of the traditional means of *social control* over business. With the slackening of the pressures of economic necessity, the very preconditions for the market regulation of economic activity are vitiated. The subservience of business to the market gives way to the subservience of the market to business. As a result, the ultimate direction of economic affairs passes increasingly from society at large to the centers of business (and labor) power.

We are as yet only in the first stages of this breaking down of economic control, and no doubt for several decades the market will serve its established function well enough. But in the long run the inherent effect of abundance cannot be avoided. Abundance lessens necessity, and necessity has hitherto been the taskmaster of our economy. When that taskmaster is displaced, another will have to be found.

What such a social discipline might be is a speculative matter. What measures may be needed to re-establish social control over business, what degree of compulsion may be required or of voluntarism relied upon with labor, how much economic freedom, as we know it, will be permissible in a society that lacks its accustomed market discipline—these are questions of enormous significance but of unanswerable complexity. It may be that in the end the loss will outweigh the gain; that we may reach abundance only at the cost of crushing economic restrictions. Yet there can be no turning back from a vista whose material allurements far exceed these premonitions of future constraint. Nor, perhaps, should there be a turning back. The important thing, rather, is to realize that the road to abundance leads subtly but surely into the society of control. It is not too early to begin to reflect on the kind of society it may be.

These prospects for the future throw a different light upon the historic thrust of the American economy from that we are accustomed to. But we have yet to place our economic momentum in one final perspective. Hitherto we have been considering the long-term implications of growth as an isolated phenomenon. Now we must view that growth in the context of the transformations that surround it—the increasing penetration of science and technology, the violent emergence

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into world history of the underdeveloped countries, the world-wide retreat from traditional laissez-faire capitalism.

Men and Machines

When we begin to consider our economic momentum in these contexts, one relationship suggests itself immediately. This is the intimate—indeed, the inseparable—connection between our economic expansion and the scientific and technological character of our civilization. Our growth is not only largely dependent on the upward curve of invention and discovery; it also becomes an economic reality by adding layer upon layer of technical apparatus to the productive foundation of the economy. Thus the very assumption of economic growth implies an enormous addition to the complexity and the sheer mass of our technological underpinnings.

What precise form the technology of the future may take we do not know. But we can at least observe the salient directions in which industrial development is moving. One such direction, which we have barely begun to explore, is the widespread automation of industry. Another is the mechanization, not of factory work, but of the simplest and most traditional tasks within the home. Yet another, still further removed from the industrial base, is the refinement of the arts of communication and persuasion.

These fragmentary examples, widespread as they are, nonetheless have a common effect on the private person. In one fashion or another, they weaken his solitary capacity to cope with life, whether as a job seeker faced with the threat of technological displacement, or as a homeowner unable to make the most elementary repairs on his personal equipment without outside assistance, or as an individual mind treated as part of a mass audience. All impel the individual to define his existence in terms of an ever wider, more demanding engagement with his society, and this effect can be demonstrated in virtually every aspect of life with which modern technology comes into contact.

To a large extent this loss of personal mastery is an inescapable—and perhaps an increasing—condition of an age in which science has progressed far beyond the reach of any but the most highly trained minds. But what is at stake is not only a loss of personal mastery, of intellectual grasp. It is a loss of social mastery, of control over our own habitat. We are in the unpleasant position of watching our society change under the impact of its own technology while we stand impotently by to suffer the consequences for better or worse. And this loss of social mastery cannot be blamed only on the complexity of the technological process. It also lies with the fact that the main control we exercise over the social incursion of technology is economic.

The Genii of Technology

It is at this point that our economic growth comes directly into contact with the historic shaping of the age of science. For our growth not only rests on technological advance; it is itself the regulator of the entrance

of technology into our social system. We all realize that the speed with which automation will be introduced depends primarily on the *economic* advantages it will bring. It is only a commonplace to remark that the main use of television is that which best lends itself to economic exploitation.

In similar fashion, the rate at which the mechanical duplication of human skills is integrated into our homes rests with the salability of the relevant devices. In a word, with few exceptions we allow the products of science and technology, like half-tamed genii from Aladdin's lamp, to work their social will without hindrance so long as they are economically obedient. As a result our economic growth steadily adds to our social involvement in technology in a manner which is essentially capricious and haphazard. We have narrowed our control over the incursion of scientific technology into our lives to the main and often the sole criterion of its profitability.

Three centuries ago, when industrial technology first loomed large on the social landscape, this narrowing of control had its rationale. Then the justification of technology was its promise of a great escape from poverty. With such an end in view, it was indeed understandable that whatever products or processes commended themselves to the marketplace thereby confirmed their ultimate validity. Yet even with this overwhelming justification, the indiscriminate guidance of technology by the laws of economic advantage was very nearly fatal to capitalism. Industrial progress did finally engineer the great escape. But in the process of forming the basis for a new and more abundant society, it simultaneously deformed and stunted much of the life for which that abundance was intended.

However compelling the rationale of economic control over technology three centuries ago, the same can hardly be said to apply today. The escape from poverty, at least for the average factory worker in this country, has been largely completed. With a few signal exceptions, such as medical research or the basic quest for scientific knowledge itself, the main flow of scientific and technological effort connected with our economic momentum does not have as its objective anything that can be dignified as the elevation of the human estate.

Yet it continues to be of pressing social consequence. Whatever the purposes of the end products of industry, its ramification continues to refashion our lives—as workers and consumers, as economic citizens, as social beings. Meanwhile the processes of industry continue to socialize our existences, and only too late, when their effects become visible as social conformity or a multiplication of the needs of government, do we

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object to what is "going on." But by then any possibility of intervening in the process of change is limited to a partial compensation for changes which have already been irreversibly fixed into place.

MUCH OF THIS PROGRESSIVE socialization of our lives will continue no matter what. It is in the very nature of a scientific technology that it steadily contracts the boundaries of the self-sufficient person while expanding those of the public particle. But this inescapable consequence of our industrial civilization need not be a wholly blind process. It is possible, however imperfectly, to attempt to weigh the advantages and disadvantages, the social costs and the social benefits, the indirect as well as the direct results of major alterations in our technological apparatus. It is possible, not to disregard the calculus of economics, but to balance it with the calculus of everything which is not economic.

Our aim, however faultily or clumsily we may accomplish it, must be to control our environment rather than have it control us. But this cannot be done so long as the onrush of science and technology continues under its present generalship.

In the end the question is: Who is to be master, man or his machines? As long as the control over technology rests primarily on economic calculation, the victor is not likely to be man.

The Wrath of Nations

A second critical problem in which our growth involves us is our relationship to the underdeveloped world. Here we shall find, as with our encounter with the technological forces of our times, that the direction of our present economic momentum does not lead us away from the historic difficulties this problem presents, but directly into the closest entanglement with them.

The problem can be succinctly recapitulated. The forces of modern history—technological, political, economic—are bringing the continents together in a fiercely compressing vise. China is now less than a day's flight away from us; soon it will be but a few hours. India is a vital and exposed bastion of western political ideas; the Middle East an indispensable part of the western economic fortress. But this compression of the world is not only manifest from *our* side, as our inextricable involvement with the fate of the great masses of the world. Even more significant is the reality of the world's compression from *their* side, as the masses elsewhere awaken to their existence as human beings on the same earth as ourselves.

As a result, what was once a gulf that divided two wholly separate worlds is rapidly becoming a rift that divides one self-conscious human community. With each painful step forward, the peoples of the world become more alive to the conditions of humanity elsewhere. And of all these conditions, the one that stands out is the terrible disparity between conditions in their own lands and in the lands of a favored few. The division of the world into the abjectly poor and the grossly rich—a condition of which the poor were always dimly aware but which appeared as a matter of immutable fate, as an inscrutable destiny—suddenly becomes a dispensation of human history which seems iniquitous, intolerable, and infuriating. Their economic development, their "catching up," becomes not just a matter of social policy but of social justice.

But will they catch up? Dr. G. L. Bach of the Carnegie Institute of Technology writes of the prospects for Latin-American progress: "If we make the highly optimistic assumption that total Latin-American output will . . . provide a 2.5 per cent annual growth in output per capita it would still be some forty years before Latin-American per capita income reached one-third the *present* U.S. per capita income. But if U.S. income continues to grow at around two per cent per year, it would be over 250 years before Latin-American income would reach one-third of the then-current United States income levels. Even if Latin-American per capita income rose at four per cent a year, more than fifty years would be required to reach one-third of the then prevailing U.S. levels."

It is not difficult to project the effect of a race in which the poorer nations would watch the richer draw steadily ahead of them, or in which after their vast labors they would find the gap in no way diminished. It would expose us to a wrath and fury of a kind we have never before known.

Yet this is precisely what is betokened as the outcome of our present economic thrust. It is now our proud—and sometimes our proudest—boast that with but six per cent of the world's population we produce forty per cent of its industrial goods. If our desired trend of future growth materializes, that proportion—or dis-

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proportion—will remain roughly constant. Taking the various rates of growth as they exist in the world today, we would then find the gap between our living standards and those of Russia and China to be diminishing. But the distance between ourselves and the non-Communist underdeveloped world would be *expanding*. For if Russia is today growing roughly twice as fast as we, we are growing at least twice as fast as India, as much of South and Central America, as most of Africa.

The Widening Gap

This is clearly a prospect laden with the most dangerous consequences. Yet its remedy is by no means a simple one. For whereas our growth makes available to us the *means* to bring about enormous increments of growth elsewhere, the political difficulties of promoting rapid underdeveloped growth pose a tremendous obstacle. To bring about the desired rates of economic development in non-Communist countries will require not only economic efforts of an intensity comparable to that of the Communist nations but very likely social and political transformations of a far-reaching kind.

In some nations, such as Saudi Arabia, these transformations are likely to require a revolutionary upheaval. In other nations, such as India or of South America, they will require a degree of social enlistment, of political dedication, of economic marshaling of resources far beyond anything that has yet been manifested. Many of these revolutions or near-revolutions will be undemocratic. Most will take the form of some kind of socialism. All will take its name.

This places us on the horns of a tragic dilemma. On the one hand, it holds out the uncongenial prospect of a sharp leftward and collectivist movement in the underdeveloped nations as the price of a sharp economic ascent. On the other hand, it confronts us with the risk of an explosion of anti-American and anti-capitalist anger if, in the absence of such a movement, the gap between us and the non-Communist world continues to widen.

In this prospect of bitter alternatives we have hitherto chosen to accept the risks of the second course. We have preferred to let economic development lag, rather than to stir up the brew of social upheaval. Over the three years 1955-1957, our total expenditures for the encouragement of growth for the peoples of India, Indonesia, South America, and Africa was one-tenth of one per cent of our total gross national product. Prior to that it was less. This is surely a policy which will one day reap the whirlwind.

It would be a grave error to oversimplify this tangled problem and to paint its aspects in clear whites and blacks. Yet in the longer view if there is any hope for a convergence of views and attitudes, values and ideals, among the concert of nations, it must await some narrowing of the economic rift which now divides the world like an angry wound. The truly fearful inequality among the parts of a world community increasingly aware of its overarching human fraternity will,

unless repaired, lead to consequences as terrible as in those nations where rich and poor drew ever further apart.

Possibilities Before America

What does all this imply for the possibility of altering the historic outlook that lies before us?

To the extent that we are concerned with those aspects of the future which will be molded by the anonymous forces of technology, political ideology, and economic evolution, we must accept the conclusion that the possibilities of major intervention are not great. For the portents of the future spring, in the main, from underlying pressures of ideologies and from the fixed structures of institutions whose conscious manipulation does not now lie within the reach of our accepted "history-making" powers.

But the fact that the main direction of historic movement is too deeply rooted to be turned aside does not mean that our future is therefore caught in a deterministic vise. It is not just necessity, but a mixture of necessity and freedom which, as always, confronts us as a condition of historic existence. If a candid appraisal of the future in America tells us what is not possible for our kind of society to do, it also makes clear what *is* possible.

For example, the spreading hegemony of scientific technology may be an inescapable general tendency of our times, but the social consequences which we have previously discussed do not follow as inescapable corollaries. They are largely the result of *nonintervention* before the historic closing in of science and technology. But nonintervention is not the only possible response to this historic force. It is rather a kind of abdication before the problem itself. It leads us to ignore the very thought that there may exist other controls over the technological revolution than the economic calculus which is at present our main device for regulating its admission into our lives. One need hardly say that a society which consistently ignored considerations of economics would seriously jeopardize its own well-being. But this does not mean that a society cannot, however imperfectly, attempt to weigh the non-economic advantages and disadvantages, the non-economic costs and benefits that seem likely to accrue from major alterations in its technological apparatus, and allow these considerations to balance, to offset—and on occasion even to veto—the guide of profitability. Thus the actual impact of science and technology on our social existence will depend not merely on the presence of these overriding forces in our age, but also on the influence that we *unavoidably* exert on their social application—including the passive influence of permitting economic

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criteria to exert their sway largely unchallenged.

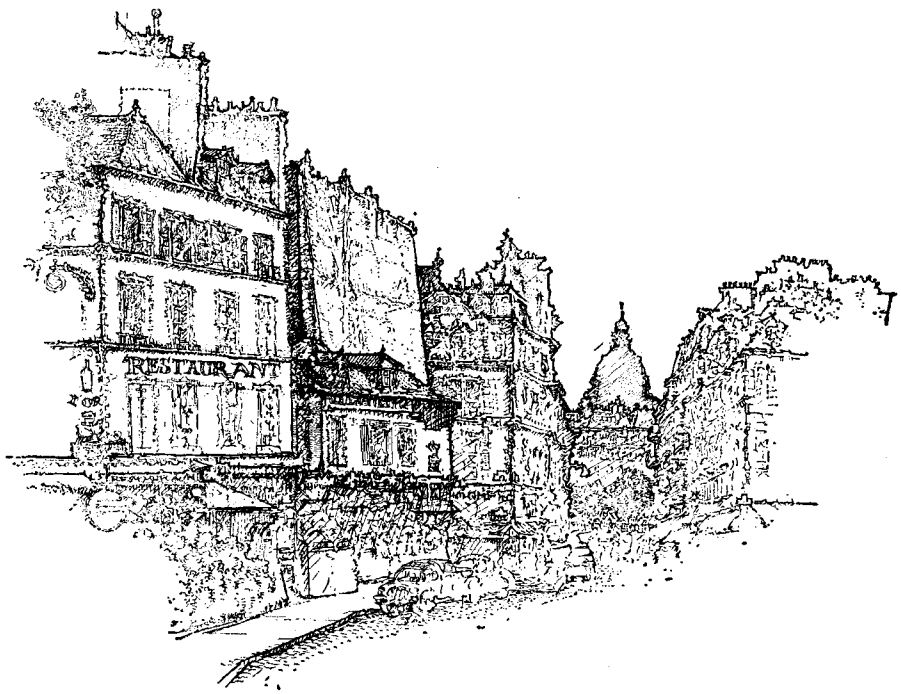
The same general conclusion is valid with respect to the possibilities of influencing the other main forces that affect our future. There is little doubt, for instance, of the overwhelming power of popular aspirations in the underdeveloped nations, or of the possibility that those aspirations, in the frustrating conditions of underdevelopment, will lead toward economic collectivism and political dictatorship. But the fact that there is very little we can do about this is very different from saying that we therefore have no control over this aspect of the future.

On the contrary, it is only by understanding the "inevitable" outlook that we can hope to devise policies which have some chance of exerting a lasting and positive effect on the course of economic development. Similar alternatives confront us in dealing with the trend of all industrialized nations, ourselves included, toward some form of economic collectivism. To continue to set ourselves adamantly against this trend is to minimize rather than maximize our possible historic influence. The possibility posed by history is not that of denying the advent of planning but of seizing control of it to assure the kind of collective economic responsibility we want.

Thus the outlook on the future does not pave the way for an attitude of passivity and still less for defeatism. Those who would reject the idea of the "inevitable" future for these reasons are in fact more likely to object to the bold measures to which it points as the only means of rescuing our future from the category of "inevitable fate." It is unquestionably true that the exercise of such historic control is fraught with risk. *But so is the exercise of non-control.* The issue is not the simple and clear-cut one of a greater or lesser freedom. It is the difficult and clouded choice of a subservience to the necessities imposed by the forces visibly at work in our midst, or the perilous freedom of an exercise of historic control over ourselves.

(Part I of Mr. Heilbroner's essay appeared in our January 7 issue.)

VIEWS & REVIEWS



Rumblings in the Belly of Paris

WAVERLEY ROOT

BETWEEN 1927 and 1934, when I was news editor of the late Paris edition of the Chicago *Tribune*, I walked nightly through Les Halles after putting the paper to bed about 2:30 A.M. It was a wonderful place to stroll then, with the great built-up piles of artichokes, lettuce, radishes, turnips, and carrots rising in pyramids from the sidewalk, a brilliant demonstration of architecture in vegetables. Ridiculous little steam engines puffed through the wild confusion on streetcar tracks deserted nightly by their trains. Peasants in market carts threaded their way to the stalls where they would sell directly produce they had raised themselves.

Today the vegetables are unpicturesquely confined to crates. There are no donkey locomotives riding the streetcar tracks, for there are no longer any tracks. Big pickup trucks collect what the peasants have to sell in the outlying districts and move it unromantically through traffic in which a country cart would risk destruction. Even the traditional early-morning onion soup is a tasteless, watery affair, served by waiters with bad tempers. The visitor to Paris who cherishes the idea of visiting Les Halles nowadays would be better advised to go to bed. Above all, he shouldn't try to make it in a car.

While Paris is still asleep, the market traffic begins, streaming over Pont Neuf toward the very center of the city. Before daybreak automobiles and trucks are hopelessly snarled between the bridge and the Bourse. The jam lasts until noon. Then, for another two hours, the market quarter reeks with the stench of chicken blood, decaying meat, and rotting vegetables. Swarms of scavenger stable flies feed on the refuse and then fan out over the municipal day nursery and the hospitals of the sector as far as the Louvre.

The impossible but daily traffic

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jams and the unpleasant aftermath that Les Halles invite seem insoluble except by the bodily removal of the markets from the center of the city. Widening the narrow old streets that lead through them would only make it possible for even more cars to come into an already overcrowded area. Hence once again, for the fifth or sixth time since the war, pressure is being applied to banish Les Halles from the position they have occupied since 1137.

IT IS EASY to demonstrate the urgency of the problem; practically everything is wrong with the Halles. In 1851, when the present pavilions were being constructed, they were hailed as a triumph of ingenuity and foresight. No city in the world possessed markets so conveniently placed or so admirably equipped. That was before the automobile and refrigeration. Today Les Halles are a costly anachronism, for which the citizen of Paris—and for that matter of France—pays in the form of higher prices for his food.

The cost of transport raises the price of most foods sold in Paris by twenty-five to thirty per cent. The greatest expense is for trucking the food through the congested streets to the central markets, then hauling it away again to the shops, restaurants, or institutions that have purchased it. Because France is a too highly centralized country, whose main roads and railroads run straight to Paris (and only secondarily connect province with province), most of its food products must pass through the capital—and through the incredible bottleneck of Les Halles. A Roquefort cheese produced in the Rouergue, for example, usually reaches the Basque country, some two hundred miles away, after a seven-hundred-mile detour through the center of Paris, where the Rouergue producer has sold it to the Basque consumer (through a series of middlemen, each of whom has taken his profit). And yet it cost more to take the cheese from the city limits to the middle of Paris and out again than the entire journey from the south to Paris and back.

The layout of the Halles, conceived in the days of horse-drawn vehicles, slows up trucks to such an extent that the immediate solution of the markets' internal transport problem (more trucks) aggravates the evil. It has been estimated that a modern market, laid out to permit quick entry and exit, could handle the same tonnage with three hundred trucks. At present three thousand are on the job.

THEORETICALLY, there is an official price for everything sold in the markets, but the difficulty of circulating within the forty acres which the Halles cover allows substantial price differences to develop at stands isolated from each other by the congestion. Internal speculators, operating a sort of nutritional agio racket, bustle back and forth buying cheap and selling dear. Thus food tends to sell at the maximum price for the day, not the minimum.

The Halles also increase the consumer's food bill through spoilage. Its antiquated installations and insufficient refrigeration render much food unfit for consumption—particularly meat. Paris's La Villette slaughterhouses, like the Halles, are roughly one hundred years old, and their equipment is similar. One hot summer week means the spoilage of eighty tons of quality meat. The lack of modern facilities also costs La Villette between $30 million and $40 million annually in lost meat by-products.

Added to these difficulties is the rapid increase of the Paris population. When the present markets were constructed, they were meant to serve a population of one million and to handle forty thousand tons of food a year. They are now catering to a metropolitan area with eight million inhabitants, and dealing with nearly 1,500,000 tons of food a year. One-fifth of the food France produces passes through the Paris markets, to be distributed to one-seventh of the national population. It is no wonder that the Halles are bursting at their seams—or would be if they were not squeezed into the steel and concrete corset of the surrounding city.

Parisians have been complaining since the sixteenth century about the unsanitary conditions of the Halles. It must have been worse in earlier times. A badly kept cemetery once adjoined the markets, and Louis IX thought them a handy place for executions, in a day when there was no hurry about removing the bodies of criminals. Today, from noon until three, the district is merely a forty-acre garbage pile. There is another reason that the residents of the district (but not the hotelkeepers and bar owners) would be happy to see the Halles moved. The rue St. Denis, just off the Halles, is probably the most prostitute-infested street in Paris. The well-heeled truck drivers and produce men who pour into the markets during the night provide a reliable and generous clientele.

SINCE the shortcomings of the Halles and the absurdity of their location in a modern city are so obvious, why have they been allowed to continue squatting on the city's nerve center and imposing partial paralysis on its communications? In the first place, there is considerable opposition to moving the Halles by the people who work there—the speculators who profit from the congestion and the concessionaires who hold valuable leases from the city. Even *les forts des Halles* (the strong men of the markets) are opposed to a move that is likely to replace them completely with ma-

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chinery. Organized in what may well be the last functioning medieval guild in France, they admit new members only after two written examinations (writing from dictation and arithmetic) and a demonstration of the candidate's ability to carry 220 pounds on his back for a distance of two hundred feet. *Les forts* carry anything for anybody anywhere within the Halles, and they are paid not by their direct employers but by their corporation in proportion to the weight each man has carried.

These once haughty weight carriers, whose privilege it was to serve as pallbearers to the kings of France and whom Napoleon as first consul enrolled *en bloc* in his armies (as emperor he hastily demobilized them again, to save the Halles from complete anarchy), are beseeching the city to make them civil servants, with the security and retirement benefits of inglorious pen pushers. The city, unimpressed, has retorted that they will soon be obsolete anyway. *Les forts*, well aware of this danger, have taken in no new members since 1952. Their numbers have dropped from seven hundred to five hundred—not a reliable index of change, however, since any member of the corporation is entitled to employ helpers.

There is also opposition to moving the Halles from those who can manufacture a sentimental-romantic attachment to the area. Les Halles, it is true, are intimately bound up with French history and anecdote. Until the time of the big Revolution, which erupted in the Faubourg St. Antoine, revolts in France usually originated in the Halles (where the *forts* were perhaps impatient to exercise their prerogatives as royal pallbearers). The Halles gave French a slang word every Parisian knows, but whose origin baffles most of them. *Clochards* (hoboes, bums, beggars) are so called because in medieval days the indigent were free to rush in and salvage what food they could from the market debris when the bell (*cloche*) that signaled the end of trading rang.

THE SENTIMENTALISTS on Les Halles are immeasurably strengthened in their opposition to change by the fact that none of the solutions offered for the problems seems entirely satisfactory. There appear to be only three dubious possibilities:

¶ Split the markets into their constituent parts—a meat market, a fish market, etc.—and locate them in separate places near railroad stations and truck terminals. In 1954 an area was set aside at the Bercy freight station for a fruit and vegetable market—but so far no one has used it. No one wants to shuttle back and forth all over Paris stopping at half a dozen markets rather than one.

¶ Move the Halles as one piece to another location. But where? An elaborate plan for a market center covering 130 acres a mile and a half outside the city gates fell through because no one was willing to travel that far. Yet no comparable space within the limits is available.

¶ The third possibility is to improve the present market in its present site. The area was enlarged in 1953 (thus intensifying the traffic and sanitation problems) and there are plans for modifying the pavilions. But these can only be palliatives at best.

Unfortunately, the city planners of Paris are faced with a problem whose urgency they recognize but whose solution baffles them. "The Halles *must* be moved," a friend who is also a Paris municipal councilor (alderman) told me. "But personally I expect to die without seeing them change place." He is one of the youngest members of the council.

Mr. Oxenburg's Off-beat Operas

ROLAND GELATT

IN NEW YORK last season only one opera company enjoyed the services of Maria Callas, Boris Christoff, Eileen Farrell, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, and Giulietta Simionato, and that company was not the Metropolitan Opera. It was the American Opera Society, an organization not yet ten years old, whose dramatized concert performances in Carnegie Hall have for some time been drawing consistently sold-out houses and consistently flattering reviews. The Society has had a lien not only on celebrated vocalists but also on unusual repertoire. Giving Puccini, Verdi, Wagner & Co. a wide berth, it has unearthed works by Monteverdi and Purcell, Gluck and Handel, Cherubini and Bellini. It has also discovered some fine native talent (Lucine Amara, Albert da Costa, Rosalind Elias, Eileen Farrell, and Laurel Hurley sang their first leading roles in its productions) and has become in many ways the most stimulating musical group operating in the New York area.

This season the American Opera Society has undertaken its largest enterprise to date: the first complete performance ever given in this country of Berlioz's huge, neglected opera *Les Troyens*. Sir Thomas Beecham was engaged to direct the proceedings, and the cast included Eleanor Steber as Cassandre and Regina Resnik as Dido. New York audiences heard the first part of *Les Troyens* ("The Fall of Troy") on December 29, and the second part ("The Trojans at Carthage") on January 12. The first part was given without the participation of Sir Thomas, who rehearsed the production but succumbed to an attack of gout at the last minute. Audiences elsewhere will probably be able to hear the performances soon on Everest Records. Rehearsals were taped by Everest's engineers; and if Sir Thomas approves the finished product, the first complete *Les Troyens* recording will be on sale next month.

The knack of mating musical luminaries of the Beecham-Callas magnitude with esoteric and presumably moribund operatic repertoire is the special talent of the American Opera Society's director, Allen Sven Oxenburg. This rather short and pudgy young man of thirty-two runs the show from his commodious apartment in an old-style building just across the street from Carnegie Hall. Oxenburg's living room is decorated with a magnificent Whistler portrait over the

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mantel; its furnishings are dominated by a grand piano, tape-recording equipment, microfilm apparatus, and bookshelves filled with ancient and modern literature as well as with opera scores from Monteverdi to Virgil Thomson. But one's attention finally comes to rest on a white telephone with four pushbuttons and a twenty-foot cord attached to the handset. The phone has an almost inaudible bell, but it rings incessantly, and one quickly perceives that this is the American Opera Society's most important piece of equipment.

When the phone rings, a pushbutton light starts to glow. Oxenburg presses the button and begins talking in voluble and obviously placatory Italian, all the while pacing the length of the room and shaping the air with his free hand. At length the flow of Italian stops. Oxenburg listens, seemingly attentive, to the voice on the other end, then cups his hand over the mouthpiece and confides apologetically, "This is all an explosion from a tenor, and I'll have to listen to him for a while, but it'll be all right in a moment." Oxenburg complains that he practically never leaves the phone except to cross the street for rehearsals and performances.

ALLEN OXENBURG never really planned to found an opera company. About a decade ago, he and his cousin Arnold Gamson decided that they would bring the evening musicale back into Park Avenue favor, and they organized a group called the Renaissance Trio—three stringed instruments and a singer—to perform rare music in posh apartments and town houses for a fee of $125 an evening. Oxenburg was to choose the repertoire and line up engagements, Gamson was to coach the musicians. The undertaking was strictly extracurricular; the trio's manager was studying comparative literature at Columbia University and its musical director was completing his education at the Juilliard School of Music. Though New York society did not clamor for the Renaissance Trio, a few engagements were obtained, and the two founders earned a little spending money.

One of the most satisfied clients was Mrs. W. Murray Crane, a woman who delighted in entertaining guests in her large New York apartment with a diet of uncommon music. One day she asked the young men whether they could put on a chamber opera for her. They proposed Monteverdi's *Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda,* a three-century-old piece that had originally been performed in the salon of a Venetian palace. The notion of reproducing it in a New York apartment was so novel and intriguing that Oxenburg and Gamson soon found themselves deluged with assistance from scene painters, costume makers, and singers. The performance, conducted by Gamson before an audience of forty, went off brilliantly, and the next morning Mrs.

Crane was on the phone asking for more. Monteverdi's *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* followed a few months later, in May, 1952, and this time Mrs. Crane took care to invite some bigwigs from the professional world of music. By the end of the evening, Oxenburg and Gamson had been asked to produce an opera for the Castle Hill Festival at Ipswich, Massachusetts, and to put on two operatic evenings for the next season's New Friends of Music series.

Opera had pretty well lost its extracurricular status for them both. Oxenburg recalls that though most of their friends were still students, "We decided to go to work and let the others go to school." The three operas prepared for the New Friends —Purcell's *Witch of Endor,* Rousseau's *Devin du Village,* and Monteverdi's *Poppea*—brought some sorely needed fresh air into New York's operatic scene and elicited joyful praise from the critics, but the performances were not well attended. The New Friends' series had fallen out of fashion, and paying ticketholders became fewer as the season wore on. Barely four hundred people came for *Poppea,* which turned out to be the New Friends' swan song. At this point the benevolent Mrs. Crane intervened once more and offered to pay the expenses if Oxenburg would hire Town Hall on his own and give *Poppea* again. This performance, on April 22, 1953, gave birth to the American Opera Society. At a reception afterwards, Mrs. Crane and several other wealthy music lovers guaranteed to underwrite three new productions for the coming season.

THE GROUP has been flourishing ever since. It has progressed from three evenings per season in Town Hall to five evenings in Carnegie Hall plus tours to Philadelphia and Washington. The orchestra, small and rather ragged at first, has grown larger and more proficient. So has the corps of supporting singers. And as its musical finish has become glossier and its reputation more elevated, the Society has been able to lure an increasing number of celebrated musicians into its productions. "The great artists don't need our money," Oxenburg explains. "They can get their fee anywhere. You have to interest them—and we do." Until last season the Society's stars were all singers. Now Oxenburg is engaging internationally famous conductors as well, with the result that Arnold Gamson has lost his status as the Society's sole conductor. This season he has led only one production—Offenbach's *La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*—though he still retains the title of principal conductor.

Undoubtedly the big names have helped attract the big audiences (the Society's New York seasons are now fully subscribed in advance), but it is the well-chosen repertoire and the style and devotion of execution that keep the customers coming back for more. There have been a few drab evenings, to be sure: Rossini's *Mosé* last year, for example, was a stifling bore despite the presence of the

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basso Boris Christoff. But by and large the productions have been carried out with the qualities of imagination and zeal that allow listeners to participate in an adventure and not merely to witness an exhumation.

Despite its sold-out houses, the American Opera Society runs up a $50,000 deficit each year. So far, this has been paid off by board members and their friends. "Great art," Oxenburg insists, "was never supposed to pay its own way."

BERLIOZ'S *Les Troyens*, which alone will cost the Society $20,000 more than box-office receipts, has been on Oxenburg's agenda for several years. "Classical themes fascinate me," he says. "I have always preferred Goethe's *Iphigenia* to his *Faust*, for example, and Racine to Molière. Moreover, operas on classical themes are usually best suited to our concert form of presentation. So the idea of doing a Berlioz opera based on the Aeneid greatly appealed to me. I flew over to London when they gave *Les Troyens* at Covent Garden a couple of years ago. When I saw it, I realized that dramatically it isn't classical at all. It's a big romantic work that wanders all over the place. But musically it's so wonderful that I felt we just had to put it on. The first thing I did was to sound out Beecham. He is the greatest Berlioz conductor of our time and his participation was essential. When I assured him that the orchestra and the singers would be everything he desired, Sir Thomas agreed to conduct. Then I went to the board, and when they heard what *Les Troyens* would cost there were some awful protests. But I pointed out that the performances would be a *raison d'être* for the whole seven years of the Society, and in the end they agreed to let me go ahead."

Casting began last February and turned out to be a six-month headache. The singers Oxenburg wanted for the leading parts of Cassandre and Dido were both members of the Metropolitan Opera, and both were booked for the days when Beecham was free to rehearse and perform. The Met was at first reluctant to alter its plans. Rudolf Bing, the Metropolitan's general manager, has probably not been overjoyed at the American Opera Society's succession of artistic coups, and he must have swallowed hard at the statements Oxenburg gave to the press last year when he signed up Maria Callas for a production of Bellini's *Il Pirata*. "Miss Callas told me," Oxenburg reported to the New York *Post*, "that she feels in a sense this will be her New York debut, because the Met never has given her proper vehicles. And this is true. If you look at the Met, you see how strictly conventional they are. They would not let her do the repertory of unusual works which made her famous in Europe."

In spite of such animadversions, Oxenburg finally negotiated releases from the Met for his two leading ladies by the end of July, and he then set about filling the rest of the large cast from New York City's great pool of young singers. Piano rehearsals began last September under Robert Lawrence, an American Berlioz specialist and the Society's associate conductor (he took over when Beecham became indisposed). Oxenburg requires each supporting member of a cast to learn his part under the tutelage of the Society's own coach. In this way he ensures unity of approach and can be certain that everybody is thoroughly prepared when the star singer or conductor arrives on the scene (Beecham began rehearsing only four days before the first performance).

THE ROLES thus laboriously learned may never—because of Oxenburg's predilection for off-beat repertoire—be performed by the supporting singers again. In view of the Society's low fees for noncelebrated musicians, participation in one of its productions makes very little economic sense. It does, however, make considerable artistic sense. According to Regina Sarfaty, a young mezzo-soprano who got her first important engagement with the Society a year ago and seems already on her way to operatic stardom, the low fees are more than compensated for by the Society's high standards. "When you walk out on stage in one of their productions," she says, "you feel like an artist. The American Opera Society has a real sense of style, and that's worth a lot to a young singer." Miss Sarfaty has devoted long hours to learning the role of Anna in *Les Troyens*; and though she may never sing the part again, she does not begrudge the effort.

The Imaginary Concert Hall

GEORGE STEINER

IN *The Voices of Silence*, André Malraux put forward an idea that has profoundly influenced contemporary thinking about art. Malraux pointed out that the modern museum places works of art in a relationship to themselves and to each other which did not exist in earlier times and for which they were never intended. The Greek relief which we admire in the museum gallery was conceived as part of a temple. The Gothic statue stood among a host of other figures within the sculptured portal of a cathedral. Neither was ever intended to be shown as a separate piece and, above all, neither was intended to be shown in contrast or juxtaposition with the other. The Fra Angelico Madonna or the Mantegna Christ were conceived as part of an altar or as integral elements in a chapel, directing toward their subjects the imaginings of reverence. The thought of placing them in museums would have seemed to their creators a blasphemous absurdity. To Bellini, Franz Hals, or Reynolds, a portrait was a portrait *of someone*. Its merit lay in the measure of its resemblance to the sitter and in its capacity to evoke his true character. With Rembrandt and Goya we begin getting the impression that portraits are always, in the final analysis, portraits of the artist rather than of the sitter. But even these great romantics would have been surprised at the idea of a modern museum in which men look at rows of portraits with-

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out knowing or caring whom they actually depict. The modern museum has made of the portrait not portrayal but pure art.

Malraux points out that this great revolution in our relation to works of art has good and bad consequences. It wrenches the individual painting, statue, or tapestry out of its authentic architectural and social setting. It robs many pictures and sculptures of their sacred character and purpose. It makes us forget that a work of art derives much of its meaning and greatness from its relationship to a specific context. But at the same same, the putting next to each other of works of art from all ages and places reveals in them qualities we could not otherwise have seen. By setting a Greek torso next to a Michelangelo drawing, we can show at a glance the immense impact of the rediscovery of the antique on Renaissance art. We observe the elongations in an El Greco becoming the dramatic distortions of Modigliani. The mist-driven light of Turner guides us to the Monet on the next wall. Malraux shows how photography and modern techniques of reproduction have brought all art within range of comparison and confrontation. The camera has created an immense "imaginary museum" in which we can pass instantaneously from the cave drawings of Lascaux to the very similar leap of a bull in a Picasso ceramic.

HAVE the long-playing record and the high-fidelity player not brought on a similar revolution? For the first time in history, the listener has at his reach the music of all ages and modes. He can put on his turntable a Gregorian chant and a piece of *musique concrète*. He can hear, at a moment's notice, operas which are in fact performed only once in a decade, if at all. He can listen as often as he wishes in succession to music whose difficulty of execution makes more than one occasional performance practically impossible (not even a Heifetz can play twice in a row the sonatas and partitas for unaccompanied violin of Bach). He can lift the needle from the record or interrupt the tape in order to hear the same passage again or to contrast it immediately with a similar or antithetical piece of music from another context. In his "imaginary concert hall," the record collector can, today, arrange for himself programs such as no impresario could offer and no orchestra could execute. He can follow the stride of a triumphant theme and of its analogues from the last movement of Beethoven's Ninth, through Schubert's C Major to Brahms's First. He is able, in one afternoon, to follow the evolution of the string quartet from Haydn to Bartók.

Like the "imaginary museum," the "imaginary concert hall" in the modern living room makes possible new insights and pleasures. It has brought within range the rich, complex music of the late Middle Ages and the baroque. It keeps alive to the ear ancient, eccentric, or radical music which the music industry cannot afford to present in the real concert hall or opera house. A good record library is a constant instructor in the meaning of musical tradition or rediscovery (why is it, one wonders, that one hears in a Gesualdo madrigal discords one will not hear again until the days of Schönberg?).

ALL THESE are manifest gains. But the pleasures of the imaginary concert are obtained at a price. Consider first the matter of setting. A Bach mass, a Mozart requiem, a Haydn oratorio were never intended for daily or casual listening. A major part of the meaning of such music lies in its propriety to certain rare and specific moments of high and solemn celebration. The Coronation Mass of Mozart was performed once a year in imperial Austria, in the court chapel. The music drew its marvelous festivity from the long wait that preceded its rare performance. Today, we turn on a Bach Passion at any hour of the day. The phone rings or a caller knocks at the door. We attend to the interruption and then go back to listening. The fact that operas are performed in the evenings and that one gets dressed up to go to them is no trivial accident. The formality of the occasion is directly related to the formality and "unrealness" of the opera as an art form. The farewell of Lohengrin was not meant to be heard at nine in the morning to the clearing up of breakfast dishes. The same failure of appropriateness applies to chamber music. The solo partitas for violin or cello of Bach, *The Well-Tempered Clavier*, the late Beethoven quartets, or the Schubert Quintet in C major are realizations of immense moment and complexity. Before the modern record and phonograph, the public performance of one of these works was a dramatic and long-maturing event. Today, it results from a mere flick of a button.

Certain dubious results of this new, infinite availability can already be seen. Increasingly, music is becoming *accompaniment*. It stands no longer in its own special right but as background to other activities (meals, conversation, reading, housework). Even the greatest and most difficult of music is acquiring a "Muzak element." The long-playing record and the FM station pipe it to our ear in a constant, effortless stream. On a recent fairly typical evening, one of the best FM stations in the East broadcast Brahms's Third Symphony, Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, and a program of medieval music, all in a row. Naturally, one can get up and turn off the set. But very often one doesn't. As a result, the different types of music flow into each other and each is subtly distorted.

Moreover, the kinds of music which profit most from such profusion are those which fall most easily into the role of background. This accounts in large measure for the vogue enjoyed at the moment by Scarlatti sonatas, Italian *concerti grossi* of the eighteenth century, and the works of Vivaldi. If one does not bother to look at it closely, this type of music seems to move along with an entrancing but slightly uniform energy. It fills a great deal of auditive space, yet does not compel the attention of the mind. Used in this manner, it becomes a patrician version of the café pianist striking his pleasant chords in the background. Now undoubtedly, certain modes of music (particularly in the baroque and rococo) *were* meant to be mere accompaniments to the graces of life. But the great majority of classic and romantic and modern music certainly was not.

The "imaginary concert hall" of

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FM and hi-fi not only depreciates musical coin by providing far too much to the inattentive ear; it makes our entire relationship to music increasingly passive. Not a century ago, a lady or a gentleman was commonly expected to play an instrument or to sing passably. Reading a simple vocal score at sight was deemed no special attainment. Part singing and chamber music were a classic feature of sociability. Today, many of those who would formerly have made music for themselves gather around the stereophonic components and have it made for them. More music is being heard than ever before, but less is being played by the community as a whole. Thus the very dissemination of music is tending to produce a special kind of illiteracy. It is the illiteracy of those who hear music but do not listen to it.

The long-playing record flourishes in the age of the tranquilizer pill. One wonders whether there is an ominous connection. «»

Disclaimer

DEREK MORGAN

THOSE OF US who grew up in Wales between the wars knew America well. We spent our Saturday afternoons there. It had an eerie efficiency, tap-dancing sorority sisters, immaculate garbage men, and identical and very wicked cities where young girls went to sing in night clubs and to fall. There was also Chicago, where everything was more so, and the South, which was what America had stood for before it stood for sorority sisters and immaculate garbage men. America was more familiar to us than most of England but more remote than the Congo hills, for although we were told that Americans had mostly gone there from Europe, weird mutations had obviously taken place. They were an ahuman people, living in a world that was at once dynamic and sterile—and all in black and white.

It wasn't until we docked at Hoboken that I saw the colors of America. I was amazed to find them so much like the ones I knew back in the world of ordinary people. American men, who had always been stark and black-suited, became affable fellows in shabby browns and blues, and the women were cheerfully un-*fatale* in the bright fineries of Bloomingdale's and Klein's. Those big drab busses were suddenly green and red and silver; the slick taxicabs that had always rushed Americans off to a gray impersonal doom turned out to be bumbling rickety things of bright yellow; and the shadows under the El were as garish as a market in Bombay. And sure enough, on my first day I saw a decently rumpled garbage man.

ALL THIS was some years ago, and I have long since learned what Americans always knew—that the camera is a liar. But it wasn't until a couple of weeks back that the lie came full circle and I found myself sitting in an American theater looking at what British film makers had done to my own home town of Cardiff, capital of the Principality of Wales, Roman camp and Norman stronghold, and coal port extraordinary. It was a glum experience.

Cardiff has a rough dockland slum area known as Tiger Bay, and I suppose that at a time when film makers are just about running out of names of places to call their creations by, this one was too good to miss. In the circumstances, I am happy to report that for all *Tiger Bay* has to do with Tiger Bay, it might as well have been called *Newark*—except that someone is probably working on that one too by now.

The film is a vehicle for Hayley Mills, twelve-year-old daughter of John Mills, a veteran actor in British films. It begins a little disconcertingly with a Polish sailor (Horst Buchholz) coming ashore at Cardiff by way of a well-known bridge which is situated in another town some distance away—rather like getting off a ship in Brooklyn Navy Yard and walking across the Delaware Memorial Bridge into Back Bay. Mr. Buchholz proceeds unconcernedly through slum streets full of colored children with Welsh accents (who always come as a surprise to Americans venturing into Tiger Bay) and Welsh children with London accents (who come as a surprise to me). He seeks out his inamorata, finds that the lady has loved not wisely in his absence, and expresses his disappointment by shooting her. It is an imperfect crime, because Miss Mills (one of the Welsh children with London accents) has watched his extravagance through the letter slot. She also sees Mr. Buchholz hide the gun, and when she thinks the coast is clear she steals it so that she can play Westerns with the boys—the colored ones with Welsh accents. Mr. Buchholz catches up with her in a church loft, where, after some mutual recrimination, they discover that they have loneliness in common and join forces to outwit the police—no gigantic task, as it turns out.

The two then cross the Delaware Bridge together and emerge this time into a sylvan dell where they live *à la belle étoile* for a day or two until they are interrupted by some Welsh picnickers with Welsh accents—probably down from London for the day. Miss Mills is caught and taken back to the police; Mr. Buchholz wisely signs on a ship about to sail for South America.

Now you might think at this point that either they're going to catch him or they're not. And whichever you think, you are perfectly right, because we now settle into one of

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the most protracted on-again-off-again affairs you are ever likely to see. The film takes 105 minutes in all, and the denouement accounts for several hours of it. One of the many climaxes is a car chase from Cardiff to Barry, another port down channel a way where the police hope to get a pilot boat to intercept Mr. Buchholz's ship. There were two perfectly good roads when I was there last, but director J. Lee Thompson sends his constabulary by way of what seems to be an Indian trail. This leads us into frustrations that would have unnerved Mack Sennett; but where Mr. Sennett would have called it a day, Mr. Thompson merely takes a quick breath and switches from a car chase to a boat chase, and at the end of the boat chase we have a round-the-ship chase. Mr. Buchholz at last jumps off the ship—ostensibly to save Miss Mills, whom he has thoughtfully pushed overboard. Everyone is caught, everyone is crying, and we all head gloomily back to Newark or wherever it was.

AMIDST ALL THIS it is a high tribute to Miss Mills that she is continuously fascinating. She has a simple sincerity and polish that are rare indeed among child actors, and little enough of her success is due to the direction. One thing, however, must be said for Mr. Thompson: he casts his young actress as a tomboy and has the good sense to leave her a tomboy to the end, resisting the American tendency to wind up pictures about tomboys with a few shots of the poor little devils got up like Cinderella for the ball, well on their way to becoming tomwomen. But it is Miss Mills's picture, and her performance almost makes the whole thing worth while. In fact, she has only one apparent hurdle between her and a career of real achievement: Walt Disney has cast her in the title role for his production of *Pollyanna*.

Meanwhile, we are left to ruminate upon the fate of the inhabitants of the city of Cardiff, who must now go through life disclaiming *Tiger Bay* just as their countrymen from the Welsh valleys have tried to disclaim that strangely popular thing about when their land ceased to be green—and became a cinematographic gray. I hope these words may serve their cause.

BOOKS

The Baron's Tea Party

GEORGE BAILEY

THE INCREDIBLE KRUPPS, by Norbert Muhlen. *Holt. $5.*

Mr. Muhlen has written a book that reads like a nonfiction version of *Alice in Wonderland*. The wonderland is the country of the "economic miracle," West Germany, as epitomized by the industrial combine of Krupp; Alice is by turns the author, the reader, or, for the most part, the various Allied occupation authorities in the aftermath of the two world wars. The early history of Krupp is typical for eighteenth- and nineteenth-century capitalism and is relatively unimportant. The firm was kept alive or developed by a series of eccentric tyrants—old women who looked like old men and old men who looked like old women who looked like old men. Mr. Muhlen has little interest in them. They were not so much cannon royalty as Kings and Queens of Hearts, cardboard figures whose significance and function are fairly summed up in the German word *Namensträger*, "name-bearers." When "Big Bertha" Krupp—*faute de frère*—married the pipsqueak German-American martinet Gustaf von Bohlen and Halbach at the turn of the century to secure the dynastic line, the two families' names were combined, with Krupp of course taking precedence.

Krupp has never been what it seemed. Not, strictly speaking, a German firm, it is an international industrial complex with vast and unsuspected holdings abroad—a sort of economic Mafia. The only interests the firm ever served exclusively were those of Krupp; the only principle the complex ever embodied was the economic one of concentration. The Krupp family has one steel-bound tradition: the firm and all its holdings belong to one person, the head of the family, alone.

Before the First World War, with fine impartiality, Krupp leased patents on shell fuses to Vickers, the British arms firm, for a set fee per fuse. After the war Krupp demanded that Vickers pay him 123 million shillings. A secret settlement was finally reached and Krupp received his pay for the bullets used to kill his countrymen. The firm often sold arms to Germany's potential enemies: to Russia and then to the Soviet Union, Britain, France, Turkey, etc. In the 1930's the Nazis, for ideological and "strategic" reasons, obliged Krupp to use synthetic or inferior materials while stockpiles of quality materials went into the firm's production for foreign countries. The result was that the Soviet Union, Greece, and Turkey received better arms from Krupp than did Nazi Germany.

"WE'RE ALL mad here," said the Cheshire Cat to Alice. There is nothing so incredible about the Krupps as the lunacy with which the firm inspires its enemies. In their breakneck haste to disarm Germany after the First World War, the Allies demanded the extradition of greater amounts of German arms than there were in German arsenals. Result: German "disarmament" actually began with a contract for Krupp to produce additional arms in order to meet treaty obligations. Krupp rushed arms deliveries to the Allies, who promptly destroyed them.

In their pell-mell campaign to liquidate German heavy industry after the Second World War, the Allies decided to dismantle Krupp as the first among German industrial giants. "But who," asked Alice, "is to dismantle Krupp?" "Why, Krupp, of course!" answered the Mad Hatter. And so it was. The cost of dismantling the Borbeck works alone amounted to 27 million marks (original construction cost was 120 million marks), which went to Krupp. The dismantled works, which during the war had produced Germany's largest and most effective tank, the Tiger, went to the Soviet Union.

Mr. Muhlen is at his best when it comes to pointing out the niceties

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by J. M. Bloch

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of great and sacred nonsense: "In fact," he writes, "the Soviets started building bigger trusts and combines in their East German occupation zone at the same time the Allies were smashing trusts and combines in their zones." Nor does he allow us to forget that the Mad Hatter's watch had stopped (with the result that it was always teatime): "When the American tribunal at Nürnberg decided to invite the Soviets to Essen and to let them share in the Krupp combine, the Soviets had begun their blockade of West Berlin." The author also includes the delicious bit of sheer idiocy contributed by Colonel E. L. Douglas Fowles, who, as the first British Army "controller" of Krupp, called Krupp's directors into the general meeting room of the firm four months after the war: "He pointed to the window through which could be seen the dim outlines of ruined plants, fallen smokestacks and broken walls. . . . 'Out there, gentlemen,' he said with a contemptuous sweep of his hand coolly and matter-of-factly, 'no chimney shall ever smoke again. Where once stood the cast-steel factory, there will be greenery and parks and meadows. The British Military Government has decided to put an end to Krupp forever. That's all, gentlemen.'" "Thirteen years later," comments Muhlen, "everyone then present would still recite the colonel's words on the slightest provocation, verbatim."

Then came the Krupp trial, formally "The case of the United States versus Alfried Felix Alwyn Krupp von Bohlen and Halbach, et al." This was plagiarized straight from the trial of the Knave of Hearts (the Queen of Hearts kept demanding that sentence be passed before the verdict was reached).

Krupp was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment and the forfeiture of all his property, both personal and real (i.e., the firm). Krupp heard the sentence, as an American trial interpreter put it, "as if the whole circus didn't concern him." Indeed, it scarcely did. His firm, like Alice at the trial of the Knave of Hearts, was actually growing apace during the trial. The sale of a few Krupp properties under Allied deconcentration rules supplied the firm with almost three million dollars in cash. And just two and a half years later John J. McCloy, the first American High Commissioner for Germany, granted an amnesty to all Krupp convicts. McCloy also declared the confiscation order of Krupp's fortune null and void and "generally repugnant to American concepts of justice."

Then came the last-gasp attempt to curb Krupp by treaty. The Allies insisted that he sign away his right to buy new steel mills after he had sold his old ones as required by Allied deconcentration laws. Krupp finally signed the treaty but let it be known that he considered it merely a scrap of paper. "We attribute to it," he said, "only a declamatory meaning, for instance for publicity in American newspapers." This might have been said by the Gryphon about the written evidence adduced against the Knave of Hearts.

Most of the restraints and prohibitions imposed on Krupp by the Allies turned out to be blessings in disguise for Krupp. When Krupp dismantled Krupp, it was paid handsomely for doing so and bought new machines to replace the old ones. As often as not, foreign competitors were stuck with the old ones. Allied policy, especially British policy, forced Krupp to compete successfully against the Allies in their very oldest markets, such as India and South America. Nothing availed. Krupp is now stronger than ever. The latest Krupp catalogue contains a bewildering variety of four thousand products and services.

NORBERT MUHLEN has a lackluster style. His native language is German and his English is often merely a translation, a feature as bothersome to those readers who can detect the German through the English as to those who cannot. But the high jinks of high policy and high finance need no added luster. And any criticism of Mr. Muhlen's style or of his sometimes anomalous observations seems niggling in the face of so grand a panorama of human stupidity as he unfolds. Then, too, Alice awakes in the lap of her sister. The story has a happy ending, at least provisionally: the Common Market grapples Krupp—and with it West Germany—close to the West in bands of steel.

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A New Deal for F.D.R.

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

THE ROOSEVELT REVOLUTION, by Mario Einaudi. *Harcourt, Brace. $5.95.*

There being a limit to the number of books on Roosevelt one can read in a year, and much of 1959 having been duly pre-empted by Professor Schlesinger, I was late getting to this interesting volume. It is not a biography of Franklin Roosevelt or a history of the times but a study of his personality and leadership, his methods and the changes in American society for which he was responsible.

Mr. Einaudi, who is Goldwin Smith Professor of Government at Cornell, is an Italian by birth and education and the son of Luigi Einaudi, the distinguished economist and former president of Italy. Several reviewers have suggested that the special value of this book is in showing how a highly intelligent and sophisticated European, a kind of modern Tocqueville, looks upon the New Deal and what followed. This virtue escaped me. Professor Einaudi's observations and conclusions are those of a staunch and uncompromising but generous and mentally receptive liberal. One hopes that the breed still flourishes here.

AFTER a brief comment on the American legend in Europe—a legend which no doubt the author himself has encountered—Professor Einaudi sketches the economic and political scene and the role of the Supreme Court on the eve of the New Deal. Then in what seems to me the best chapter of the book, he deals comprehensively with Roosevelt as a leader, as an author of change within the existing order. Then follows a series of chapters, first on the instruments of change—the leverage on the Congress, the new men in Washington, the new administrative and fiscal machinery—and then on the changes themselves. The latter include the struggle for TVA and utility regulation; the effort to liberalize the Supreme Court and to win a more generous construction of the Commerce and General Welfare clauses of the Constitution; the role of the court in relation to political liberties; and finally the economic, political, and moral landscape of the nation as it emerged from the era of the New and Fair Deals. The coverage is not comprehensive; the author defines the Roosevelt revolution to include whatever interests him most.

The author's view of the United States as it has emerged from the Roosevelt and Truman years is rather more sanguine than mine would be. He accepts, for example, some unconvincing evidence of the Brookings Institution to show that the concentration of corporate assets in the hands of the giant corporations is diminishing. But this fault in Professor Einaudi's book is part of a much larger virtue and one that deserves a special word.

HISTORIES of Roosevelt and the Roosevelt years, even a few of the more favorable, often have a niggling quality about them. Roosevelt turns out, on intimate analysis, to have been a rather ordinary man who was made by events, Eleanor, and infantile paralysis. The New Deal was a series of improvisations forced by the times. They were remarkable enough, but given equally bad times, equally remarkable measures would have been improvised. In other words, Roosevelt and his works are so thoroughly explained that they become quite commonplace.

They are not for Professor Einaudi. He thinks Roosevelt a vastly superior man. So were the things he did. So were his motives. Einaudi is contemptuous of those who suggest that fascism was lurking behind NRA or tyranny behind the drive for court reform. These steps were designed to liberate and improve the lot of men. And though unsuccessful, they were the exception. Most of the Roosevelt measures worked brilliantly. The reason?

"There was, first of all, a quite exceptional intelligence at work. Roosevelt showed a quick grasp of public affairs, a retentive memory, a

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Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

THE STONES OF FLORENCE by Mary McCarthy. *Harcourt, Brace. $15.*

If everybody likes something, Mary McCarthy is sure to say she hates it. She then proceeds by grudging degrees to admit to certain excellences until finally she arrives at the state of enthusiasm in which everybody else began.

With this new book on Florence Miss McCarthy has done herself an injustice. For many people will not go beyond the silliness of the first chapter to discover that although this author doesn't care much for living Florentines, she does care for dead ones, at any rate for their art. The first sentence is "How can you stand it?" By the middle of the book the Lily on the Arno is being referred to as "that beautiful city." And by the time we reach the last pages Miss McCarthy is quivering on the verge of the very Victorian sentimentality which she pretends to despise.

PAGES AND CHAPTERS frequently intervene between assured assertions and equally assured counter-assertions. On page 14 we are told that "Historic Florence is an incubus on its present population." On page 29, however, we hear again the wonderful story of how the people fought for a decade to have their Santa Trinità bridge restored *"dov' era, com' era"*—where it was, as it was. Does one struggle to maintain an incubus? One suspects that for Miss McCarthy, logic consists of whatever comes into her head at any given time, provided it attracts attention.

She complains obsessively of the heat (mild compared to the New York sweatbox), of stinginess (which she says she has never personally experienced), of restaurants where the waiters spit on the floor. Where in heaven's name has Mary been eating? I have lived here for more than four years, and the last expectoration I saw was in third class on the *Vulcania*. A "characteristic" sound of Florence is "the tinkle of a young girl practicing on an old piano." Where does Mary think she is? In the Bronx? My neighbor, the first flutist

of the Maggio Musicale Orchestra, bemoans the fact, as do all musicians here, that Italian children and young people are not studying musical instruments. Ricordi, the music publisher, makes public pleas to parents to enroll their children in music schools and conservatories. If there is any sound *not* characteristic of Florence, it is the tinkle of a piano, old or new.

SMALL MATTERS, small inaccuracies, small facts. But in a book which lacks any coherence and which depends for its effect on the spray of detail, we might at least expect that the detail be accurate. The fashionable modern mind, lacking a center of belief, whether philosophical or religious, attaches itself desperately to the isolated fact, hoping that if you stare long enough you will squeeze meaning out of it. So there are pages here that sound as if Miss McCarthy had just riffled through her index cards under the heading of, say, Music and Entertainment and thrown all the facts into the pot with a negligent air. We leap from a sensitive evocation of Masaccio to wise women in Florentine history; we look with a cold eye at Michelangelo's Medici tombs ("somewhat rubbery") and pass on to discover that Berenson's famous tactile values *really* refer to the fact that the "hypersensitized" people of Florence are very "strongly sexed."

There is no original research here, but an independent and provocative retelling of standard texts: Berenson and Davidsohn and Burckhardt, Vasari, the Florentine historians Machiavelli and Segni. Miss McCarthy gives no bibliography, nor does she bother to inform the lay reader of the titles of the familiar works from which she has cribbed her erudition. But she recites her lessons with an air of icy authority calculated to intimidate those who don't know. Unfortunately, there is also a great deal of second- and third-hand misinformation urbanely pretending to be prime-source truth.

Item: How can the Medici tombs be "marble flattery" if they are not portraits of the Medici at all but woeful and introspective allegories? *Item*: Michelangelo did not concoct a faked cupid on the "advice of a dealer" but on the advice of a Medici lord. *Item*: Cesare Borgia didn't "loot" the statue; he bought it. *Item*: The Marchesa of Mantova was not the "greediest" collector of her day; she was a tasteful collector; the McCarthyan adjective is more apposite for a Julius II or a Cardinal Raffaele della Rovere. *Item*: The painting of Dante in the Duomo is not al fresco. *Item*: Michelangelo did not write "curtly" to his family, but at great length. That he often ended his letters with "I have nothing more to add" (*Non altro*) proves nothing about his personality; such a sign-off is common to the epistolary style of the period, as we write "Sincerely yours." *Item*: The Masaccios in the Brancacci Chapel are not painted in "aerial perspective," nor does the vision "sweep like the searching ray of a lighthouse." The panels are

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in close-up and, with one ambiguous exception, the perspective is line-of-sight. *Item*: Michelangelo did not abandon his works because they could not "satisfy the magnitude of his ambition." Aside from a multitude of external factors that forced in some cases "abandonment," in others one could assert that the so-called "unfinished" works are "finished" in the artist's eye, that to go further would have seemed excessive, that the figure was sufficiently released from the stone. *Item*: "The beautiful boys and girls, the dancing Graces, and the Madonna have disappeared from real life. In the streets of modern Florence, you will never see a living Donatello—a San Giorgio or a David—but middle-aged Gozzolis and Ghirlandaios are everywhere." Would Miss McCarthy like some introductions? *Item*: The Renaissance diet is not "almost precisely" the diet of the Florentines today. The introduction of the tomato a century ago revolutionized the Italian diet. The best Florentine dishes are not recipes for using leftovers. Most Florentines calculate so carefully the amounts they buy for each meal that there are no leftovers to make recipes out of. *Item*: Michelangelo's David does not have a "cold vain stare in love with his own strength and beauty." And Michelangelo's affirmation of man is hardly responsible for the Second World War.

Item: The legend that Michelangelo cared nothing for the country is Symonds' interpretative judgment; the prime source Condivi says contrariwise: "*. . . ch' egli non solamente ha amato la bellezza umana, ma universalmente ogni cosa bella, un bel cavallo, un bel cane, un bel paese, una bella pianta, una bella montagna, una bella selva . . .*"—". . . that he loved not only the beauty of the human form, but every beautiful thing, a beautiful horse, a beautiful dog, a beautiful landscape, a beautiful plant, a beautiful mountain, a beautiful forest . . ." *Item*: "The cruel tower of Palazzo Vecchio pierces the sky like a stone hypodermic needle." And later, out of the same drawer of similes: "You find the gleaming stripes in rosy Siena, on the ferocious tense Cathedral that sits in the Piazza exactly like a tiger poised to spring." One cannot imagine a series of adjectives less exact. The Cathedral is not ferocious or tense, and rather than a tiger it brings to mind a piece of Dresden bric-a-brac. *Item*: . . .

But why go on? If a witness is unreliable in so many details, how much faith should one lend to her large assertions? Sadly enough, buried in this farrago of pride and prejudice there are fine passages, especially when the author leaves her books and begins to look at the works of art with her own perspicacious and sensitive eyes. She responds with brilliant evocation to Brunelleschi, to Uccello, to what she calls the "Maytime" painters. Her tastes, for all the iconoclastic air with which they are expressed, are conventionally chic. Thus the primitive is preferred to the fulfilled, the reaching to the grasping, the Renaissance in bud to its full flower.

But beneath the silken sheath of the stylish prose, the naked mind is disorderly. The bland statement, modishly turned, serves as a blind for a failure to come to grips with a problem. "While licentious marbles and bronzes were being sought by the private collector, the noble nudity of public sculpture grew, as it were, embarrassed before the general gaze." But that sentence, typically suave, sinuous, and cold as a snake, with its flickering "as it were," evades entirely the root cause of the anti-nude reaction in sixteenth-century public art: the religious Counter Reformation. Historical writing is of interest to the degree that it either presents new facts or puts familiar facts together in a new and revealing way. But the materials must hang together, and Miss McCarthy's corrosive manner makes any kind of historical ligature impossible.

A word about the photographs, for the most part by Evelyn Hofer. Superb in their technical qualities, with caressing velvety blacks and creamy whites and sharp focusing on details of tombs, torch holders, crypts, church façades, palaces, and garbage cans, the only thing missing is human beings. And without people you don't have Florence; you have a mortuary inhabited by a truculent ghost.

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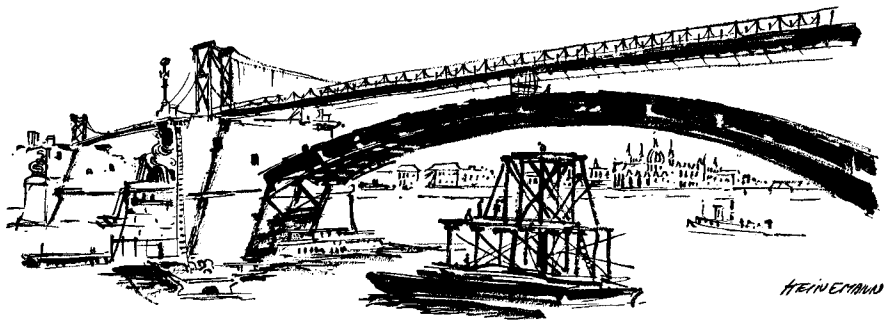

The Anti-Communist Communists

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

THE REVOLT OF THE MIND, by Tamas Aczel and Tibor Meray. *Praeger. $5.*

Members of the Communist Party were leaders of the anti-Communist revolution in Hungary. The simple newspaper reports of this fact were enough to subvert a popular western theory of Communism. In Hannah Arendt's *Origins of Totalitarianism* and in Orwell's *1984,* there was a vision of a society so utterly controlled that no opposition was possible, let alone opposition from within the ruling party itself. These conceptions did not survive October, 1956. But now, as more information becomes available, an extremely complex reality takes the place of the old theories: the anti-Communist Communists had been *loyal* members of the party on the very eve of the uprising.

Tamas Aczel and Tibor Meray were participants in this strange process. Both of them were privileged members of the Communist elite, both had won Kossuth Prizes, and Aczel had been awarded the Stalin Prize. When the Hungarian writers eulogized the dead Stalin as the greatest genius of the modern era, they were among the contributors. In their own words, "The authors of this volume were worse than Communists. They were Stalinists." And yet these same men were leaders in the intellectual ferment that preceded October, 1956, they were participants in the revolution, and now they are exiles from the Communism they once sincerely served. Why?

The importance of *The Revolt of the Mind* is that it confronts this puzzling question. This book is not a chronicle of the revolution but rather a narrative of the complexities of Communist commitment. Its title suggests an earlier work by Cieslaw Milosz, *The Captive Mind,* which described how Polish Communists had surrendered to Stalin's ideology. And although *The Revolt of the Mind* ends in the streets of revolutionary Budapest as the people tear the statue of Stalin from its base, it is not in contradiction to Milosz's analysis. That is why it is fascinating.

The initial commitment of Aczel and Meray was inspired by a real idealism. They joined the party to build a new Hungary and a just world. Even when oppression by the régime became pervasive, they still treasured this motive somewhere in their minds. And in 1953 when Imre Nagy took power with his "new course," it seemed that their faith was going to be fulfilled. There was a new freedom for debate and discussion, and economic planning took the worker and peasant into account. Indeed, the defeat of Nagy was to be a decisive event in the conversion of the Communist intellectuals.

Side by side with this idealistic commitment (sometimes remnant of a commitment) there was another factor. It was not simply that the intellectuals were able to travel first class under Communism, although this form of material corruption obviously played a role. But more than that, the elite was genuinely isolated from the society. No worker or peasant would tell the truth to these Communist functionaries. The factory would vote party resolutions out of apathy, fear, and cynicism. Paradoxically, the Communist intellectuals were shielded from the truth by the hatred directed against them, a sullen, silent hatred that masked the grim reality.

When this isolation was breached under the Nagy régime, an irreversible process was started for those Communist writers who still harbored idealistic motives. They could no longer escape the truth. A Communist poet distinguished for his servility to the régime went into the countryside to "find the people." To his utter amazement and shock, he found them. When Nagy was deposed, Mátyás Rákosi attempted to re-create things as they had been, but this was now impossible for many of the writers. Their faith had come into contact with the lives of the masses in whose name they claimed to speak; their faith had been transformed and they were becoming anti-Communist Communists. This led them into sharper and sharper clashes with the party. Ultimately, it took them into the streets of Budapest to the revolution.

SUCH A BRIEF SUMMARY does violence to the major virtue of this book, its psychological complexity. It is hard to describe the pathos of the scene in which Hungarian writers who are soon to be revolutionists listen avidly to the Russian novelist Fadeyev, hoping desperately that he will make some sense out of the theory of "socialist realism." The tragic figure of George Lukacs, the most brilliant Marxist philosopher and aesthetician of the twentieth century, passes through these pages in all of his contradictions (he has once again made his peace with the régime). These examples can only hint at the richness of *The Revolt of the Mind,* a book that is as much psychology as it is political history.

Ultimately, the import of all this is hope, even if the revolution in Hungary has been brutally crushed. Given the insights contained in *The Revolt of the Mind,* one can never return to the theory of the Communist monolith. At any moment, the movement of the anti-Communist Communists may be at work behind the ritual affirmations, under the very slogans they themselves have written, within the party itself.

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Between Past and Future

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

GENERATION WITHOUT FAREWELL, by Kay Boyle. *Knopf. $3.95.*

It is difficult not to be sarcastic about the abrupt shifts we find ourselves called upon to make in our emotional estimate of foreign nations. At one moment the Japanese are apes chattering in the trees of the jungle; then, because of Hiroshima, they are a challenge to our conscience; then, in what seems no time at all, they are the Far East's sole admirable and intrepid champions of planned parenthood, refusing, despite any restraining Connecticut laws, to be blown up in the explosion of world population. It is a little more complicated with Germany, where the exotic element—the jungle and so on—is not present to make things simple, and where the alternation of what we think of as good and evil has assumed, in the lifetime of many of us, the aspect of

a recurring ritual. Thus we have been called on to hang the Kaiser, applaud a republic, hang Hitler—we had to settle for minor criminals—and now, once again, the Germans have a republic for us to applaud. We have rearmed this twice-combated enemy—as we are trying to rearm the birth-controlling "apes"—and we count both nations as staunch friends.

Sarcasm is out of place, of course, even as a mask for sorrow, but how, by what process, do we manage to hold to the truth that the Japanese, the Germans, and all other peoples of the world are our brothers—even the crazed tribesmen of the Belgian Congo who recently have been busy poisoning hundreds of their witches?

The way to find reconfirmation of mankind's common humanity is not through political thinking and far less by allowing our emotions to respond only to the ups and downs of what nations may do. There must be some point at which the pendulum is at rest—practically at least, for in theory there can be no point at which anything is ever at rest—and it is at this point, during this lull, that the individual can best be observed. Then understanding becomes possible. The artist is qualified for this kind of observation.

FOR FIVE YEARS Kay Boyle lived in occupied Germany. The action in her novel takes place in 1948. The date is important, since in 1948 Germany was not selling Volkswagens all over the world; Germany was still humiliated and miserable. "Down the uneven path of the paving-stones . . . came now a clot of singularly abbreviated men. They did not stand upright, nor did they sit, for the torso of each had been strapped erect to a small wooden platform, homemade and mounted on castors, and on these platforms they sped forward, propelled by their knuckles, which were cushioned and bandaged with leather pads. There were four of them, with the beaked caps of the *Afrika Korps* worn jauntily on their heads, although the insignia, and the braid, had been deleted with the honor a long time before." In 1948, nothing yet was rebuilt; nothing pointed to an agreeable future; Germans lived in the ruins of their hopes and in the catastrophe they had brought upon themselves by the betrayal of their past. There were those who had never wanted to dominate the world and those who had remained faithful to the simple, kindly virtues; they suffered with the rest. Inevitably so, for their virtue had been private and the Nazi horror had been public; they had drawn the curtains across the windows of their houses when the police vans came into the street to take away the Jews; they had never inquired what was the new factory, sending up its thin column of smoke in the peaceful countryside near their towns. Yet who can judge them?

A novelist who attempted to judge them would be writing either as if the war were still on, that is to say

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stridently, or as if the war were long past and vastly remote—who is indignant today that Nero tortured his slaves? Kay Boyle does not justify the Germans, nor does she judge them. Her novel is a protracted cry of German anguish, human anguish, with the guilt sometimes admitted and more often denied, but with the acts and the results of the acts never concealed. Miss Boyle somehow reenters that period of lull at the end of the war in which the Germans stood amidst the ruins, appalled by what must have seemed to them the very essence of emptiness, permitting themselves no expectancy whatever—as it must have been on the first evening after creation when man stood in darkness, not even permitting himself to hope that the sun would rise.

Kay Boyle does not argue about this; she simply keeps her characters unaware of a future they could not foretell. There is the American colonel who would like to be still shooting German soldiers but who is inclined to settle for shooting German and American civilians in love with his wife or his daughter. There is the generous young American who runs the local propaganda-for-democracy services, and it is a measure of the author's artistry that his talk of the "eternal" Germany of the poet and musician does not ring false. There is the young German P.O.W. returned from the United States, whose rediscovery of his country links the images and incidents of the novel.

THE WORD "images" interrupts and renders unneeded any listing of the characters, any summation of the plot, for it is the images, the scenes, the separate narratives in this novel that raise it to its high level of excitement and beauty. A Jewish child wanders through the countryside searching for her parents; two lovers ride Lipizzaner horses in the ring of a German castle; the American colonel requests the university rector to make a speech in English, and all the loving German text on Goethe is lost in the faltering alien tongue. This novel halts for a moment the swift passing of history so that we may look upon the beauty and anguish of our unchanging humanity.

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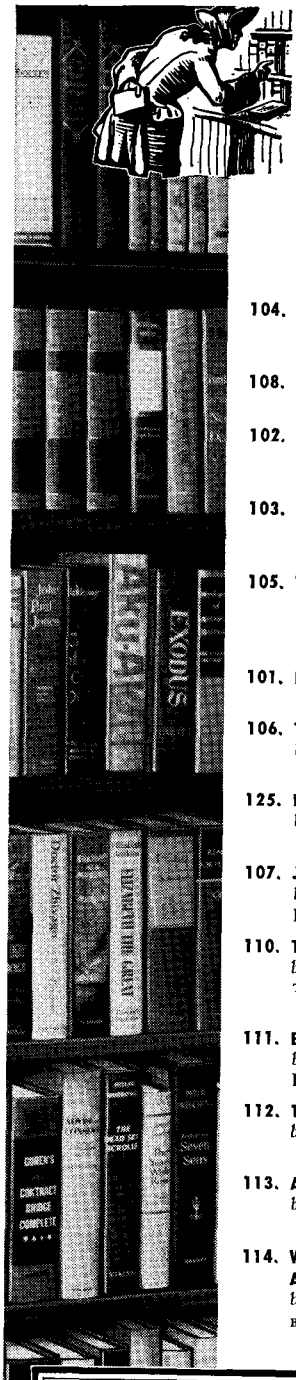

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